



SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Things in General.

BUT a few weeks ago attention was called to the parsimoniousness of the Grand Trunk Railway system, not only in its payment of employees, but in the excessive amount of labor which the men were being forced to do without any increase of salary. The strike which was liable then is still more likely to take place now, but in the meantime the lives of people who travel on the trains manned by overworked employees, and guided at junctional and switching points by more or less sleepy servants who have more work than they can do, are being endangered and lost. The frugality of the Grand Trunk might very well enter into the management of the head offices and be made less conspicuous amongst the poorly paid employees. The traveling public have some rights, and, as one local paper points out, the second-class passengers cannot be excluded from the calculations of those who build railroad cars in which the passengers can have a seat for less money than in a Pullman. It is well known that passengers in Pullman cars are less frequently injured or killed than in the first-class coaches, while it is notorious that in the smokers and second-class compartments the death rate is always greatest. Of course the cars nearest the engine are the ones which suffer most from collisions when the engines meet, but the position of the coach in the train is not the only factor. The first-class cars are heavily built; the Pullmans are very much stronger; the others are flimsy affairs. The Grand Trunk, and the C.P.R., and the Intercolonial, and all the other railways doing business in Canada, should be under some sort of supervision which might furnish a guarantee to all travelers that proper rules are in force, that they are being reasonably obeyed, and that trains composed of properly constructed coaches are provided.

At the present moment the Grand Trunk Railway system seems to be best provided with tracks, yet most inclined to fatal accidents. If the Grand Trunk is earning a dividend at the expense of the lives of Canadians we should know it, and a most exhaustive enquiry should be instituted with regard to the chapter of accidents which took place on Monday night and Tuesday morning. At the same time the C.P.R. accident should be examined into, occurring at the same time and apparently under similar circumstances, that we may be furnished some method of comparing the management of the two roads and the provisions made by them for the safety of passengers.

LIKE all frontier and mining towns, Dawson City was a wooden affair, and the fire which destroyed such a considerable portion of it was not unexpected. The cause of it, however—an exasperated inmate of a concert house—seems to be deserving of more than passing mention. She apparently belongs to the class of people who delight in showing that they have an ungovernable temper. According to the press despatches this is the second time she has set a section of Dawson on fire by throwing a lighted lamp at somebody who was for the moment objectionable to her. If the statements with regard to the cause of the fire and her conduct are correct, she ought to get twenty years in the penitentiary. Those whose malice is only satisfied by the throwing of a lighted lamp or a similarly disastrous missile are, to use a slang phrase, too warm for society generally.

We, however, have the same class of men and women in much more civilized localities. Life to them seems to be one frantic search for an opportunity for figuratively throwing a lighted lamp at somebody else. We have a man here in Toronto whose entire popularity, if he has any, and whose notoriety, which makes him his living, consist in discharging illuminated projectiles which set the people of the city by the ears for days and weeks at a time. Canada has newspapers which are engaged in the same practice, caring nothing for the great destruction of the general good-will of public business, which results. Some of these people are just now throwing lighted lamps at French Canada, not in a spasm of temper, but apparently with a deliberate intent of destroying the harmony which out of the many collisions of the past and the expensive rebellion of 1885, has been produced by the cultivation of mutual tolerance.

AMONGST others the editor of SATURDAY NIGHT is being made the target of those who see no harm in importing troubles and stirring up racial antagonisms. It is said that the writer in question once referred to the Ottawa River as Canada's Mason and Dixon's line, and prophesied great difficulties between the two chief races of the Dominion. The quotations are correct enough, but they are separated from the text. At one time there was a danger that Canada would be rent in twain by racial disputes, and during the controversy which resulted in the execution of Louis Riel—of which Wednesday of this week was the anniversary—and the recriminations which followed it, this country was sorely troubled. The editor of this paper, who was charged with being a bigot at that time by the French-Canadian papers, and who is now charged with being too tolerant by English-speaking fire-brands, has not changed his position in the slightest respect. The conditions, however, have been marvelously changed, inasmuch as we have a French-Canadian Premier and a thoroughly satisfied and undivided population. I do not affirm that we could not have obtained this without having a French-Canadian Premier, but no one who has the slightest regard for truth will deny that we have that peace and unimpeachable loyalty which is all which the editor of this paper ever asked for in the days of the old North-West troubles. In a time of controversy of course many bitter things are said, and the gravity of the occasion forms their only excuse. No such excuse now presents itself. A war between England and France is unlikely, and even if such a terrible event were to take place it would furnish no reason for the peoples of French and English population in Canada to import the disputes which the French-Canadians of strongest affection for their motherland would have no possible means of excusing, and in which no one of good sense would participate.

Anyone who acts as a fire-brand under present circumstances is no friend of his country. When there was a war between the northern and southern sections of the United States, men born under the same flag were killing one another without scruple. Circumstances changed, as they have changed in Canada since 1885, and in the war with Spain the people from those two sections of the United States were fighting side by side. Their attitude was patriotic and was not less inconsistent, according to the *Evening News*, than that of the editor of this paper. Surely we will not keep up our little disputes forever; surely there must be a time of peace, of tolerance, of mutual forbearance, even in matters in which a difference of race is involved. The newspaper which tries for political reasons to get the French and English-speaking populations of the Dominion of Canada at loggerheads, has a more wi-dom, or patriotism, or reason to be at large in the community than the woman who threw the lighted lamp which started the blaze in Dawson City.

THERE has been some correspondence published between the solicitor of a workman imported from the United States, and the Department of Justice at Ottawa, which is giving great offence to Canadians who were expecting a retaliatory volley in this matter on the part of our Administration. It seems that this man was brought from the United States in defiance of the Canadian Alien Labor Act, which forbids the importation of laborers engaged under contract in foreign countries. His employers agreed to give him work and wages

for a certain length of time, but their troubles with their other employees having ceased, the man was discharged without being paid for the time for which he was engaged. The man sued his employers under his contract. They successfully replied in the court that the contract was illegal. He then initiated prosecution of his employers for infringing the Alien Labor Law, and would certainly have got even with those who brought him into Canada had it not been for the declaration of the Canadian Department of Justice that the law was not being enforced. Thus a firm was enabled to do an injury to a workman by bringing him here and not paying him what they agreed to pay, and escape unscathed by reason of the tolerance of the Administration. This does not seem just, and while technically it may be good law, in spirit it is not righteous. Furthermore, while Canadians will not criticize the law, they are criticizing with considerable bitterness the fact that Canada is permitting this sort of thing while the United States, in spite of its friendly protestations, is still keeping its De Barry at work sending Canadians back when they attempt to get work in the United States. Those who have watched the policy of the United States will almost surely come to the conclusion that this action is not only unjust and impolitic, but a poor exhibit

tioned efforts at instruction of Lord and Lady Aberdeen, though they never patronized anything that was held on a saint's day, nor allowed their eyes to be made morally strabismic by a ballet, nor failed to co-operate with any movement to prevent something or to force somebody to do something, which any oddly disposed person had time to originate.

It is not my intention to give the Governor-General of Canada any advice, but having been born here, and having lived here, perhaps I know as much about the disposition of Canadians as the most trained diplomatist from afar could learn, and consequently I feel quite free to suggest that we are not an infant class needing either buns or advice. Taken as a rule we pretty thoroughly understand what we want, though we may be quite oblivious as to what we need. As the *London Times* has recently told us, our hospitality may be "rude though genuine," it is also quite true that those who show hospitality to Canadians must be genuine even though they are not rude. I think it is quite true that we prize rude sincerity more than we do polished and obvious insincerity, no matter how diplomatically the face may be guided with fine phrases. Socially speaking—and this must be defined as embodying the idea of the people as people, and not as politicians—Lord and Lady Minto are receiving

an infant class. God bless them if they will only relieve us from the official impertinence of caning us like schoolboys. They are old enough and we are old enough to act together like grown people.

ONE of the funniest things in recent commercial affairs in Toronto is the union of the Manufacturers' Life Company and the Temperance and General Life Assurance Company. One is presided over by Hon. G.W. Ross, the apostle of temperance in Ontario politics, and the other has as its president Mr. George Gooderham, whose make of rye is not unknown in this country. Odd, isn't it, how dollars obliterate sentiment and wealth overcomes prudential and religious boundaries? The Temperance and General was founded to prove to the world that men who drank nothing stronger than tea and coffee were better risks in life insurance than those who were less strict in their habits. The Manufacturers' Life was founded with Sir John A. Macdonald as president, and a general notion that the men who were least liable to lie awake nights and think about their sins were probably as good risks as those who took a more serious view of life. Now the two are united. It should be a very profitable union, for it is a double-order of the most conspicuous sort. Five directors must be total abstainers, according to the Temperance Association plan, and according to the Manufacturers' Life scheme nobody needs to be a total abstainer. Surely this scheme ought to run equally well, up or down hill, sideways or endways, week days or Sunday. No doubt it will be successful, because in defiance of the lines which may have been laid down at the inauguration of both companies, they have now met on the plane where human beings live and do business.

The power of wealth has never been exemplified in Canada to a greater extent than in the fight which is being made between Mr. George Gooderham of the Manufacturers' Life and Hon. George A. Cox of the Imperial Life and other large concerns. They both have the power of influencing capital, and both have money of their own. Small concerns seem to be running after them, and absorption, and even monopoly, is not unlikely to follow such a concentration of power as we are seeing exhibited. Such concentrations are easier in a country containing a small number of people than they are in such a vast community as the United States. It is just beginning with us; where will it end?

IN connection with a paragraph a couple of weeks ago criticizing the Intercolonial for going outside of Canada for palace cars, it is pleasant to hear that the Kingston Locomotive Works have obtained large contracts for supplying haulage power for Dominion lines. Both the Intercolonial and the Canadian Pacific have placed contracts which mean a great deal of money and the employment of a great deal of labor in Kingston. This sounds pleasant to Canadians, because we pay the cost of running the Intercolonial, and the deficit if there be one, and we are the contributors to such success as the Canadian Pacific Railway has obtained. While our railways are being pestered by the traffic associations and laws of the United States, we hope that our manufacturers will be benefited by such favors as are given out by these corporations. Life is too short and posterity is too slightly connected with us for us to do all of our business on the basis of what the future may bring forth. Those who pay now, hope to earn now, and the successful administrators of railroads and of governments will probably be forced to learn that the good things of these years of our Lord's grace are the good things that the people who are alive hope to enjoy.

IHAVE frequently had occasion to remark that in Toronto there are two worlds. I was never more convinced of this than last week when I walked down through the Park and Queen's avenue, where I saw a couple of Weary Willies and two or three little wives who were bringing luncheon to their husbands and sitting with them while they ate it. The loving little women who sat in the wet and disconsolate seats with their husbands, found something brighter than the world gives to most of us, and life was worth something to them because they loved the men they brought the dinner to. In the other world in which people live it is doubtful if there is as much sane reason for staying alive as there is to be found amongst the poor. I left the Parliament Buildings with its showy corridors and small ambitions, to see the workmen going home to dinner, and I got to my office fully convinced that the workmen have more peace in life than the politician. The nearer the human family approaches the simplicity of life and the ordinary methods of making an animal happy, the better. While we eat and look at somebody that we like satisfying a hearty appetite, we are absolutely human and feel generous, and get some of the few little impulses which are worth having. While trying to be somebody and to make somebody, and to flatter ourselves that we are the salt of the earth, we drift away from the main idea, which appears to be that of feeding the human thing, and flattering it, and being content with being fairly well nourished and liable to live. Whether the journal which tries to make people look further than this is doing a very great thing or not, remains for posterity and the Almighty God to decide, and fortunately it is not in the hands of any editor to finish up a task which depends on the hearts, not on the heads of the people.

THE Hardy banquet was one of the events of the week, and it attracted the leading partisans of the Government from all over Ontario. I may underestimate the value of such affairs, but it strikes me that a party feeding itself at four or five dollars a head and listening to speeches, is not the best way of energizing the concern. A banquet is a tiresome thing. Those who attend it have to spend a good deal of money, particularly if they come from a distance. Very few have an opportunity to speak; and those who do make speeches, usually utter the most commonplace and valueless things which could be said. There was a time when an enthusiasm could be aroused by a dinner, but I am afraid that that time has almost passed. However, it is quite possible that enough was said, and things were sufficiently well said to enthrall the workers and make them more diligent in party housekeeping, but the average experience in politics is that very little enthusiasm is aroused by any arrangement which makes the party-worker spend money. There are a great many people who are willing to "koller" who are not willing to pay.

As far as Toronto is concerned, no local value was placed on the gathering. Those who attended in a political way needed no physician, for they were the hard and fast partisans, largely those in office, or who were contemplating the blessings of a Government situation. As far as the honors of the affair went, Hon. Messrs. Ross and Sifton seem to have been quite in it with the Premier, and one scarcely contemplates with equanimity a dinner in one's own house where others carry off the bouquets. Taken altogether it must be regarded as a very successful party love-feast, likely to influence partisans only, descriptions of it likely to be published in Liberal newspapers only, and a rather hollow triumph at the price. One thing at least can be admitted, and that is that Provincial Conservatives are not in a condition to give feasts and make merry, though such a banquet would pay Mr. Whitney's friends a larger dividend than will be obtained by the supporters of the Government. It is a tradition that those who are in adversity can often afford to make feasts, and that the poor are those who should try to seem rich. No matter how these things work out, it is doubtless a good thing



The Christmas Number of SATURDAY NIGHT is now ready, and in a day or two will be on view in bookstores all over Canada. So that all dealers and canvassers may be on an equal footing, it will not be put on sale until Monday. This year the book has been enlarged from 40 to 70 pages.

in matters diplomatic. While this whole matter may already have been settled in the Quebec Conference, Canada can accomplish nothing in negotiations with the United States, such as are now pending and owing to which this laxity is perhaps permitted, except by showing a fixedness of purpose and a rigidity of rule as severe as that which is being shown us by the republic.

SINCE Confederation we have had seven Governors-General and we can make no serious complaint against any of them. Lord Dufferin was the people's favorite, but it was not necessary for him to spend the large sums of money which came out of the public chest and his private pocket, in order to make him popular. I venture the prediction that Lord Minto will be socially the most successful Governor-General that we have had, excepting, possibly, Lord Dufferin. Lord and Lady Minto come to Canada without any fads. He is a man of the world, a soldier, a trained diplomatist, and reputed a good fellow, who has been here before. Through Lady Minto's veins flows the blood of a family who were nation-makers, and there is no doubt that it will be her aim to make life socially pleasant for the people with whom she is not unacquainted and for whom it is said she has a sincere affection. As I said last week, it would be ungracious to make remarks with regard to the discipline and instruction which were so generously afforded to the people of this country by the last occupants of Rideau Hall, but it cannot be denied that there is a feeling of relief that school is out and the schoolmaster and schoolmistress have gone away. On examination, I think it is improbable that Canadians could be found to have profited much by the good natured and well-inten-

tioned efforts at instruction of Lord and Lady Aberdeen, though they never patronized anything that was held on a saint's day, nor allowed their eyes to be made morally strabismic by a ballet, nor failed to co-operate with any movement to prevent something or to force somebody to do something, which any oddly disposed person had time to originate.

GENERAL HUTTON came among us in the same spirit of friendliness as Lord and Lady Minto. Instead of being a severe critic and a martinet who desired to make a cheap reputation by being insolent to colonial officers, he has been what each of our commanders-in-chief doubtless was a gentleman, with a knowledge of the world and a reasonable appreciation of what is needed. The officers of our militia do not pretend to be Wolseleys, Roberts and Kitcheners; they have not had the opportunities, and our new country engrants upon everybody certain provincialisms, and this tendency leads to certain laxities which cannot be reformed by a new-come who has no knowledge of our life, without putting himself in the attitude of a snob. This country is not accepting its commanders and Governors-General for the purpose of education, but solely because it is intensely loyal to the Empire. In the case of Earl Minto and General Hutton it is well to reiterate the fact that we hope for something different and for the absence of the tone which we have occasionally heard addressed to us as

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for members of a party to get together and dwell upon the virtues of their political ancestors, while incidentally keeping in view the possibility of good things for those who work and make no complaint.

THERE has been much discussion for the past twenty years with regard to the defective eyesight of schoolchildren. The use of slates and many other reasons were given for the prevalent shortsightedness of children; blackboards were criticized; the height of desks and seats was blamed, and a genuine endeavor made to remove the causes. It is doubtful if the true cause was ever found, for the general defect of childish vision has been discovered to exist to a considerable extent where none of the causes named could have had any influence. Germans are almost known by their spectacles, and many of their thoughtful people blamed the peculiarity of the German letter and the difficulty of reading the text of their books, and a movement was begun, which is still going on, for the use of the Roman instead of the German letter. But the nations where the plainer text is used in the schools, are suffering almost as much from shortsight of sight and strabismus as the children do in Germany.

Some of the greatest men in the United States learned to read by a log fire, and our parents and grandparents did most of their studying by candle or lamplight, yet their vision was much better than that of the children of to-day. Oculists tell us that reading in the twilight, on trains, in rocking-chairs, and that sort of thing, is bad for the eyes, yet children who have not learned to read at all can be seen every day on the street cars wearing glasses; and it is the fact that many children before they begin school have to be taken to an oculist, which indicates that something more serious than blackboards, slates, reading in rocking-chairs or in the twilight or on trains, is a contributory cause of bad sight in the youngsters of this generation.

Defective teeth are so universal amongst our youngsters that there is a very reasonable agitation for the inspection of children in the public schools in order to remedy defects which the parents may be too poor to attend to or too ignorant to notice. Why should the children who came and are coming into the world at the end of the nineteenth century, be provided with chalky teeth which either break or go bad before they are old enough to earn the price necessary for repairs? Our parents and grandparents did not go to the dentist, and yet they had better teeth than the youngsters we are doing so much to properly rear. One seldom or never sees a negro, Indian, or a native of any half-civilized or uncivilized district, with bad eyes or bad teeth. This answers the statement that civilization has taught people to be more careful in the rearing of children and the remedying of physical defects. It is quite true that the civilized parent will do almost anything in his or her power to prevent a deformed child from being unsightly or unable to get through the world handicapped by some malformation. It may be true that deformed people are either killed off or left to perish, amongst savages, but the fact remains that in civilization everyone is beginning to suffer more or less from bad eyesight, bad teeth, rheumatism, or some other ailment almost unknown amongst savages. To a man of small means and a large family the bills of the dentist and the oculist are almost unpayable. Parents, no matter how poor they are, desire to do the best they can for their children. Experts, if they do work, must be well paid. We do not want our children to be toothless or partially blind, and the consequence is a very great increase of dentists and doctors and a grievous increase of the burden of parents.

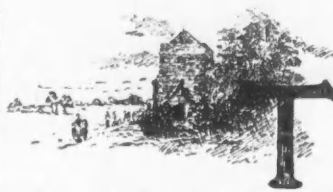
What is the matter? What unnatural condition is filling our asylums for the deaf, dumb, blind, insane, and idiotic? Statistics are said to show that while these people are being better cared for than ever before, their number in proportion to the population is increasing. Why is the wage-earner of a family forced to pay dentist bills or have his children lose their teeth, whereas two generations ago dentists were almost unknown, and amongst some people they are almost unknown still? Why out of a family of four or five should an oculist have to deal with the eyes of at least one or two, and an expert on the nose, throat and ears be employed for one or two of those who have good eyesight? I feel quite confident that there is scarcely a parent in Toronto who has four or five children, who has not been forced to send every one of them to the dentist, or would have sent them if they had the money to pay the bill.

We blame the troubles of children's teeth upon the eating of too many sweets, yet if you go through the countries where the youngsters munch sugarcane all day long and get very little else, you will find their teeth are as white and hard as ivory. Is it a degeneracy of the race? Stand at the gate of our public schools and see the children come out, and in physique and dress nothing prettier can be seen on earth than the troops of youngsters. Everything, apparently, is good but their manners, their digestion, their eyes and their teeth, and all these are showing a very distinct deterioration. It is a discouraging thing for those with large families to continually come face to face with the fact that something has to be spent on remedying some physical deformity or weakness of a child, but this comforting fact will, I believe, be found on examination, and that is that the larger families are healthier than the small ones, and that the cost of bringing up a big family is really no greater than the cost of rearing one, or two, or three. It is also alleged that the first-born children of a marriage are not as strong as those who come later on, though some writers affirm that in the past the reverse was true. With regard to these physical conditions the public should be well informed. If we are not feeding our children right we should know it, and the research should not be made at the expense of any society or any individual; it should be made by the Government. It is quite possible that writers like myself, who can only look at things in a more or less superficial manner, are incorrectly informed. It may be that parents are flinching and are spending money to correct things which after a while might correct themselves, but we know that our provincial governments are spending enormous sums to take care of people whose ailments and misfortunes have not corrected themselves. We have in Canada as many doctors per thousand of population as any other country. It is doubtful if the doctors of any other country are better educated than ours, more practical, more zealous, or more devoted to their profession and their patients. It certainly would be a good thing if the Government or the press interested these professional men in the question of arriving at the cause of what appears to be a physical degeneracy of what should be the healthiest race on the face of the earth.

And while they are investigating, some attention might be paid to the fact that the graveyards of Canada are at least half filled with consumptives—reckoning, of course, the whole number as those who die from other causes than old age or accident. Somebody might tell us why it was that the Scotch people who came to Canada, particularly the Highlanders, ate the rude, coarse food which was the only thing obtainable by the first settlers, drank a great deal of very raw whisky, smoked—women as well as men—and were as healthy as cart-horses, while their children and grandchildren died, or are dying, of stomach and lung troubles. Everything possible has been done to teach people not to drink whisky, and school children are told a great deal about the evils of intemperance. We can all assume that they have not been told too much, but why are they not told more about their teeth, and their lungs, and their stomach, and their eyes, and their ears? Why has not something been written and some investigation made which will provide parents with some sort of a guide which will make it unnecessary for children to learn these lessons or to suffer from such physical defects?

It is quite possible for us to become so infatuated with an attempt to stamp out one evil that we forget many others. As the country grows older, intemperance is gradually disappearing, but as the country grows older these other things are gradually increasing. Except in the cities, the tobacco habit is not as prevalent as it once was. Parents permit their children to eat less candy, yet sugar is so cheap that adulterated sweets are less frequently consumed. Manufacturers of cracked wheat and oatmeal are more numerous, and the products of their mills are more generally used. At one time it was almost impossible to get a plate of porridge in a Yankee hotel; now one scarcely misses it for breakfast at any hotel in the Union. People are trying to correct their habits and to adjust themselves, yet it is evident that their efforts are meeting with only partial success. If we are eating too much meat, let the College of Physicians and Surgeons tell us so. If we are drinking too much ice-water,

let us be told about it. We are so used to hearing about bacilli, and bacteria, and deadly germs in all sorts of things, that we cannot be frightened. And whoever starts in to give us advice with regard to children, let them at once understand that everybody has been told to take more exercise. If a man gets headache, or toothache, rheumatism, typhoid fever, gastritis, or anything else, he is told to take more exercise. As a rule, the children take plenty of exercise, and we want something more definite than this old-fashioned doctrine that you must ride a horse, or walk, or play golf, till you are so tired that you cannot attend to your own business. Prisoners have been known to live in a little cell until they were ninety years old, without exercise enough to retain their shape. Old women will sit in a rocking-chair until they are a hundred or a hundred and ten, smoking a pipe and knitting socks; yet if the average doctor were called in he would tell the old lady to take more exercise. There is a great field for the original and erudite physicians of Canada to investigate and give the people something simple, intelligible, and bearing upon the points which are most interesting because, perhaps, they are most expensive to the parents of families.



SOCIAL and PERSONAL.

THE first of the dinner-dances set going by Mrs. Nordheimer of Gleneddy, took place this week, and it was voted most delightful. Five dinners, given respectively by Mrs. Nordheimer, Mrs. Patteson, Mrs. Allan of Moss Park, Mrs. Kingsmill and Mrs. Montzambert, assembled the charming party, and about ten o'clock they all rendezvoused at Mrs. Hammond's large and beautiful home in Grosvenor street for the dance, which, needless to say, was much enjoyed.

Lady Howland's *debutante* on Saturday was the jolliest of functions, old and young alike pronouncing it a success unprecedented, and enjoying greatly the dance which occupied the younger contingent during the hours of the late afternoon and early evening. The assembly-room at the Confederation Life Building is a splendid place for a dance at any time, for the floor is superb, springy and smooth, and the ventilation is about as perfect as it can be made. The convenience of the big refreshment-room, the little "cup" room and the ante-rooms need not be mentioned, and many remarks were made approvingly on the cheerful promptness of the attendants. By the way, one notices a great difference in the latter respect at different houses when entertainments are in progress. One would sometimes really think the young women in caps and aprons were purely for decorative purposes, as they calmly survey the struggles in and out of wraps and rubbers, of the guests. The afternoon of Saturday necessitated rubbers and cloaks, but no one had any difficulty in getting them off or on, for quick hands were always near to assist. The hostess, in a very beautiful gown of pale gray, and small black bonnet with flowers, received at the entrance of the assembly-room, where she was kept incessantly busy for hours. Sir William Howland was at her left and seconded her hearty welcome, but the *bonne-bouche* of cordial bright greeting was given by Miss Bessie Bethune, whose sparkling animated face, charmingly crowned by a great picture hat, and tall graceful figure in a pink frock, daintily made and admirably becoming, made a very sweet picture. "Another tall girl. Aren't they stunning, these tall girls!" said a very big man as he glanced from the bright *debutante* to dashing Miss Powell, and graceful Miss Ethel Baldwin, all in pale gray, and looking, as indeed did many another, her very best. A dear little golden-haired lad in an Eton jacket, Mrs. George Lindsay's only son, was here, there and everywhere in the happy company. Several hundred guests, representing almost every well known family in Toronto, chatted and frisked. A prominent figure was Mr. Cook of Parkdale, a handsome, silver-haired giant, with a jolly word for many friends, and accompanied by his popular wife, who looked very well in a rich silk and lace gown, and pretty bonnet. The dainty young matron, their daughter, Mrs. Frank Macdonald, has, by the way, returned from her Parkdale visit to her home in Wellington place. Mr. and Mrs. Percival Ridout, Lady Thompson and her daughters, Mrs. Nordheimer and the Misses Nordheimer, Judge and Mrs. Moss, Judge and Mrs. Falconbridge, Professor and Mrs. Mavor, Professor Young of Trinity, Mrs. and Miss Mulock, Mr. Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Bickford, Mr. and Mrs. Henri Suydam, Mr. and Mrs. Creelman, Mr. and Mrs. Chadwick, Mr. and Mrs. Grayson Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Burrows, Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer Clark, Mr. and Mrs. G. Plunkett Magann, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Vickers, Dr. and Mrs. Temple, Mrs. Somerville and her bright house party, Mrs. and Miss Melvin Jones, the Misses Dupont, Mrs. S. S. and the Misses Macdonell, Mr. and Mrs. G. J. Howland, Miss Howland, Mrs. and the Misses Rose, and many others were present. The orchestra played behind a grove of palms on the dais opposite the entrance, and McConeky served a very nice buffet, most artistically done in pink ribbons and flowers. The strict etiquette of departure was nowhere at this time, the young people being apparently so in love with the dance that they pretended not to know how late it was, and utterly declined to consider the paternal voice which growled, "I want my dinner, girls!" It was easy to conjecture that a good many of the girls were *debutantes*, and papa's growl has never yet been known to frighten such.

Of all the social events in University circles the Rugby dance is perhaps the one of most absorbing interest. The date of this event is announced for Tuesday evening, November 29. The dance will, as usual, be held in the gymnasium, and the music will be furnished by Glionna. Following is the list of lady patronesses: Miss Mowat, Mrs. Loudon, Mrs. Hardy, Mrs. Ross, Mrs. Mulock, Mrs. Ramsay Wright, Mrs. Byron E. Walker, Mrs. McCurdy, Mrs. Irving Cameron, Mrs. Galbraith and Miss Salter. During the evening the prizes of the University games will be distributed by Miss Mowat. In view of the crush which has to a certain extent marred the pleasure of this event, it has been decided by the directorate to limit the sale of tickets to five hundred.

The Osgoode Legal and Literary Society will mark Thanksgiving week by holding an open meeting and dance on Tuesday evening at Osgoode Hall. Mr. R. Drummond, baritone, of Glasgow, Scotland, will sing, also Miss Louise M. Craig, and Mr. Kirkpatrick of the Conservatory of Music will give a reading and monologue. There will be a debate between representatives of Toronto University and Osgoode Hall, on which Hon. Mr. Justice Lister, chairman of the evening, will sit in judgment. This part of the programme will conclude at ten o'clock, at which hour dancing will commence. The spacious floor of Convocation Hall will be in excellent order, and the combination of a good floor and Glionna's music insures most enjoyable dancing. Refreshments will be served continuously throughout the second part of the programme in the barristers' dining-room. Certain notices in the daily press might confuse the open meeting with the Society's annual *At Home*, which does not take place until February. No invitations for the open meeting and dance are being issued, but tickets may be obtained at Dunlop's, King street; at the warehouses of Messrs. Heintzman & Co., and from the secretary, Room 58 Freehold Loan Building.

The announcement of the death of Mrs. Mackenzie gave a shock to her many friends,

though for some months her health had been in a failing condition. The sad occurrence removes from our midst one whose sweet and gracious presence always exerted an influence for good, one who could not better be described than by that rarely used word "gentlewoman." Mrs. Mackenzie came of a family essentially military. She was a daughter of Captain Robert Long-Innes of H.M. 39th regiment, and on her mother's side related to the Macdonells of Glenelg, U. E. Loyalists. She married Judge Kenneth Mackenzie, formerly of Kingston, Ontario, but for many years on the bench in Toronto, and leaves one daughter. Much sympathy is felt for Miss Mackenzie in her sad bereavement.

Sir George Kirkpatrick, who never loses his interest in everything touching the welfare of his friends, was looking quite bright and handsome one morning last week, when I had the pleasure of a few moments' visit at Closeburn. Mr. Percival Ridout returned last week from the West Coast, where he found the air most beneficial, and is looking splendidly well after his trip. Mr. Willie Kirkpatrick, son of Sir George, is visiting his people at Closeburn.

"Weather permitting" may be respectfully added to cards sent out for November teas, if one has the unhappiness of many such conglomerations of dreadfulness as marked Thursday afternoon of last week. It rained, and hailed, and snowed, and blew, and one thought twice before putting the last touches to the best veil, and wore elderly gloves (in transit), and the second thought to many of us was, "Whoever we don't go to we shall go to Mrs. Rose." So to Mrs. Rose's tea went a hurrying, bundled-up, breathless lot of people, finding their reward in the bright rooms, the lantern-lit sitting-out corridor, hung with Oriental curtains and strewn with tapestry rugs; the hearty welcome of the kind hostess and the shy gentle echo of her *debutante*, Miss Chrissie, not to speak of Judge Rose's smart compliments and gallant attentions. A new figure at Toronto teas is pleasant Mrs. Lister, who, with the Judge, the jolliest of men, is much welcomed everywhere. Miss Winifred Rose and her tall brother were in the tea-room, where a handsome buffet was set, and beyond was a cosy, bright place for quieter folks, the library, with its comfortable seats and pretty vases of flowers. At this tea and the one preceding it of the previous week, Mrs. Rose presented Miss Chrissie, her second daughter, to her circle of friends, most of whom have known the bright young girl from her childish days, and bid her hearty welcome to the pleasures of society, where she will doubtless be as popular as her sister.

On the same unhappy day of storms, pretty Miss Marion Barker gave a large tea at her home in Beverley street. A much larger turn-out than the weather foretold gathered for the house-warming of the new home, and a perfect army of pretty girls were in mirthful readiness to wait on them. The table was done in pink, with chrysanthemums and shaded lights, and the gown of the young hostess was in pink also, veiled with white *mousseline*. Mrs. Barker, her sweet face and genial smile as usual drawing everyone to her, was in black, with pink trimmings. Among the young people present were: Mrs. Edward Bickford, Miss Loretta Scott, Miss Sibyl Seymour, Miss Eva Delamere, Miss Linda Denison, Miss Enid Wornum, Miss Phemie Smith, the Misses Waldie, Miss Wyatt, Miss Staunton, the Misses Winnett, the Misses Macdonell, Miss Edith Harman, the Misses Smith, Miss Florence McArthur, Miss Birdie Warren, Miss Kate Crawford, Miss Neelands, Miss Wilkes of Brantford, the Misses Hedley, Miss Grace Cowan, Miss Crease, Miss Edith Macdonald and Miss Eby.

Mrs. W. Mortimer Clark will be at home on next Saturday afternoon at 303 Wellington street west.

Young people's teas, dinners and dances are the feature of November so far. Miss Marion Laidlaw had a dance last week for her young friends, who went in a rainfall and returned in a world of snow. Miss Allen of Sherbourne street gave a progressive euchre on the same evening, at which nine tables were set. A pleasant little party was gathered at Liawhaden, of a few intimates, on the same night. Miss Birdie Warren gave a tea on Monday.

Invitations are out for the At Home of the Graduates' Association of the Parkdale Collegiate Institute, to be held in St. George's Hall, on the evening of December 2. Among the patronesses are Mrs. G. W. Ross, Mrs. E. F. Clarke, Mrs. (Dr.) Ferguson, Mrs. R. A. Pyne, Mrs. L. E. Embree, Mrs. J. W. Mallon, Mrs. T. Denton. Every preparation is being made for a successful reunion. The reception committee represents all the different classes of the old school. Graduates and friends who have not received invitations should communicate with Mr. Chas. E. Pearson, 130 Yonge street.

The late Earl of Portarlington had a very poor memory for names and faces. The Earl on receiving a gracious bow from Queen Victoria at a Marlborough House garden party, accompanied by a few words of kindly enquiry after his health, replied: "You are very kind, madam; your face seems strangely familiar to me, but, for the life of me, I cannot remember your name."

In Chicago the Democrats have taken up the campaign against departmental stores. It is proposed to impose a tax on floor space. It is argued that this tax would be so nominal a sum for a small amount of space as practically not to affect the smaller dealers, while it would be increased at such a rate for larger stores as to drive them out of business.



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Tweeds and Cloths for Tailor-Made Gowns.

Handsome Duchess Satins, Brocades, Embroidered Chiffons and all over effects for Dinner, Reception and Evening Gowns

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French, Parisian and New York Pattern Hats and Bonnets.

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SPECIAL—8 button length Undressed Kid Gloves, 75c., regular \$1.50. 2 clasp Gloves, Dressed Kid, \$1.00 and \$1.25, in all colors. 2 clasp Derby Gloves, in all colors.

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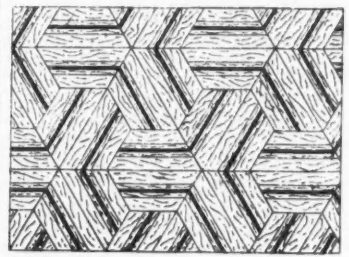
This shows good policy.

All new goods are now in, and you have leisure to look and we have leisure to show.

We will gladly place your selections in our vault for safe keeping until such time as you wish them delivered.

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can be laid for the price of best Brussels and will outlast half a dozen carpets.

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is expressed or implied in all catering contracts with Webb's. Ladies who entertain will find us always ready to give information, and if favored with an order to do everything in our power to make their guests go away delighted with their hospitality.

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Social and Personal.

TWO interesting events in military circles took place since last week's issue, the presentation of prizes to the winning members of the 48th Highlanders on Friday evening and the bestowal of a very elegant testimonial on their late colonel, and that most touching and unique ceremony which took place on Sunday afternoon in old St. James' cathedral church, the reception by the rector of the old colors of the Royal Grenadiers, those colors which "fit at Batoche, b'gosh," and whose ragged silken remains are to be forever guarded by the church, with a loving sense of the honor of the guardianship. Close to the hearts of the great assemblage, the scarlet-coated soldier and the divers-garbed ex-member, were the sentiments which fell from the rector's lips in his short and trenchant address, and there was not a moment of the whole hour when some poignant or tender or tearful memories failed to shake the composure of some one. Even the sight of the varied ranks of ladies and gentlemen who were present roused many a thought. There were stately matrons in widow's weeds whose husbands had held highest rank in the Royal Grenadiers, and sisters whose brother had given his life for his country, and a gentle little mother whose son's name is yet the synonym for a perfect soldier, and beside them were yet others whose soldiers are still the pride of a fine regiment as they clanked slowly past, in earnest and decorous gravity, to give to the sacred keeping of Mother Church the two tattered flags whose folds hold so much of meaning and sentiment to one and all. The ceremony was, as I said, unique in these parts. Adjutant Captain Stewart Wilkie, bearing the message from the colonel of the regiment, came to the closed doors of the cathedral promptly at the hour, 3.45, while the regiment halted in King street. Captain Wilkie knocked three times with the hilt of his sword on the old oak panel, and being admitted by the wardens asked sanctuary for the colors and admission for the officers and men, who were fully armed, another departure from the ordinary rule for church parade. Bishop Sullivan having given permission the doors were flung wide by Mr. A. S. Irving and Mr. Scott, the wardens, and the guard of honor, the colors and the regimental band and regiment entered. Every seat except those reserved for the soldiers was filled. The ex-members, numbering many prominent citizens and well known men, followed the red-coats, many of them wearing the North-West medal. The crowning moment then arrived, when the colors were placed upon their peaceful resting-place, the altar, and Dr. Ham softly played the appropriate and touching strains of Home, Sweet Home. Glancing back to that hot dusty evening in 1885, many a dim-eyed woman and serious-faced soldier realized what homecoming may mean. Among the many touching episodes of the hour was the mute tribute to the two late officers of the Royal Grenadiers, whose memory is perpetuated by brass tablets on the west and south walls of the cathedral, by the wreathing of the brasses with green stained with white flowers. I heard a plain-faced woman murmur as she rubbed her cheeks furtively with her handkerchief: "And there was Moore, too, poor boy!" which proves that there are inscriptions as lasting as engraved brass, on loving hearts everywhere. The colors were displayed behind the altar, their standards crossing under the wings of the carved dove, during the evening service, and will be put in place this week.

In lighter vein was the enthusiastic gathering at the Armouries on Friday last week, when the Highlanders paraded, formed in square, and witnessed the presentation of prizes, which was performed by Lady Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Mason, Mrs. Campbell Macdonald, Mr. Wyld, Dr. Andrew Clark, and several others. After this ceremony, which was speedy and interesting, the various prize-winners being much applauded, Colonel Cosby and ex-Colonel Davidson separated themselves from the group and advanced to the center of the square, when Colonel Cosby's ringing cry, "Highlanders!" brought everyone to attention. In a few well-chosen words the gallant Colonel presented his predecessor, the veritable founder of the regiment, with a magnificent set of silver and gold punch-bowls on ebony stands. So soon as the handsome ex-Colonel stepped out to respond, the band struck up an emphatic assertion that he was a jolly good fellow. Everyone commented on the easy and graceful fluency with which Colonel Davidson thanked his friends for their gift and accompanying sentiments. In alluding to his past, present and future love for the Highland regiment he touched upon the band once more, and they played with true Scottish fervor a bit of Auld Lang Syne. Then the men dismissed and the invited guests adjourned to the mess-rooms, where a very tempting buffet was spread. An hour's chat, merry and heartsome, was spent, and among the guests of the regiment were: Lady Kirkpatrick, in a beautiful wine-colored silk, trimmed with black ribbon velvet, and a picture hat in black with ostrich plumes; Miss Kirkpatrick and Mr. W. Kirkpatrick, who is home on a visit; Mrs. Cosby, Mr. S. Lee, Miss Lee, Miss Michie and Miss Skeaff, Mrs. Catto, the Misses Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Ross, Mrs. and the Misses Monahan, General Sandham, Colonel and Mrs. Otter, Major and Mrs. Macdougall, Captain, Mrs. and Miss Myles, Mr. Julius Miles, Miss Beatrice Sullivan, the Misses Michie, Mr. and Mrs. Clark, the Misses Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Ridout, Mrs. Wyld, Mrs. and Miss Melvin-Jones, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Duggan, Dr. Clark and others, numbering over one hundred.

The great social function of Victoria University is announced for December 2, and promises to be the most brilliant affair ever held in connection with the college. The committee in charge is composed as follows: Messrs. A. P. Addison,

B.A., chairman; W. B. Smith, secretary; N. W. DeWitt, treasurer; Winters, Courtice, Bell, Fraleigh, Spence, Wood, McCormack, Martyn, Bingham, Bell-Smith, Steward, Robb, Cragg, and Uren, and every member is doing his utmost to make this function one of the most pleasant of this season's events.

The president and vice-president of the Christmas sale held annually in behalf of one of the most esteemed religious orders in the city, are giving an afternoon tea in the Assembly Rooms of the Confederation Life Building, devoted to the purposes of the Christmas sale, on the afternoon of Wednesday, Nov. 23. The hosts of friends of the committee, as well as of the president and vice-president, are eagerly looking forward to this social event of the week. Among the fifty charming hostesses we may mention the president, Miss Hoskin, the vice-president, Mrs. Faldenbridge, Mrs. Foy, Mrs. Rooney, and Mrs. De la Haye. The Christmas sale is popular among the citizens of Toronto. It will open on Monday, Nov. 21, with a grand musicale, and last throughout the week. We understand a musicale is to be given each evening under the ablest direction.

Society at the Capital.

"Le roi est mort, vive le roi." This has been the attitude and the phrase of Canada during the past week. No sooner have we concluded presenting our addresses of farewell and bidding our good-byes to His Excellency of the past than lo! we turn around and vie with one another in our cheers and welcomes to His Excellency of the future. But it is the custom, and custom sways many. Saturday was a busy day for the troops in Old Quebec, for what with guards of honor and escorts to the incoming and outgoing Governors, their time was fully taken up. It has always been the unwritten law that the outgoing and incoming Governors-General should not meet, and it will naturally be inferred that it was Lord Aberdeen and not Lord Minto who in this case caused custom to be set aside and made no end of confusion and trouble, besides setting a precedent that may hereafter be followed. The advisability of such meetings is for statesmen to decide.

The Scotsman, having on board the Earl and Countess of Minto and their suites, reached Quebec at three o'clock in the afternoon, after a rather rough passage. The Prime Minister, the Cabinet Ministers and the Mayor of Quebec went on board to welcome them to Canada. Each was introduced to Lord and Lady Minto in turn. With their children and staff, Lord and Lady Minto, after disembarking, drove at once to the Parliament Buildings, escorted by a detachment of cavalry. The swearing-in ceremony, which was witnessed by a number of prominent people, took place in the Legislative Chamber. Upon Lord Minto's arrival Lord Aberdeen descended from the dais, with a feeling, no doubt, that he has fully fulfilled the oath which he took five years ago. Before doing this, however, he made a short speech which was generally believed to be the most beautiful and eloquent that he has ever delivered in Canada. Lord Minto then took the oath of office and of allegiance, his Military Secretary, Major Drummond, reading the Royal Commission. After the oaths had been taken and the Great Seal handed to Lord Minto, Lord Aberdeen introduced the members of the Cabinet and the Supreme Court and a few others. This concluded, an address in French and English was presented to His Excellency by Mayor Parent, to which he replied. A noteworthy feature of the address was the allusion to the fact that His Excellency's eldest daughter, Lady Eileen Elliott, was born in Quebec. Among the many present were: Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier, His Honor Lieut. Governor Jette and Mme. Jette, Hon. Mr. Blair, Mrs. Blair and Miss Blair, Hon. Mr. Scott, Hon. Dr. Borden, Hon. Mr. Dobbell, Mrs. Dobbell and Miss Dobbell, Hon. Mr. Sifton and Mrs. Sifton, Sir Henri Joly and Lady Joly, Mayor and Mme. Parent. Before His Excellency and party left, the ladies who were present were presented to Lady Minto by the Secretary of State. After taking tea with Lord and Lady Minto, Lord and Lady Aberdeen drove to the wharf. As the Labrador slowly steamed out many were the ringing cheers and heartfelt prayers for a safe trip that arose from the assembled crowd. Lord and Lady Minto left for Montreal the same evening, whence they proceeded later to the Capital.

Lord and Lady Douglas of Hawick, who have been spending some time in this country, sailed for England last week. They intend to return to Canada, however, early in the spring.

Rev. H. C. Dixon of Toronto, who has spent the past week in town in connection with the Anglican Mission, has returned home.

Lieut. Col. White, C.M.G., arrived in town this week after a visit of several months to friends in England. Col. White came out on the same steamer with Lord and Lady Minto.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. E. Harris arrived in town for the winter on Saturday, from Cobourg.

Mr. Philip DuMoulin, son of His Lordship the Bishop of Niagara, is spending his holidays in town with his sister, Mrs. Alder Bliss. While in the branch of the Bank of Montreal here Mr. DuMoulin made a host of friends who gladly welcome his stay in town.

Miss Hazard of Charlottetown, P. E. I., is expected in town this week on a visit to Hon. R. W. Scott and Mrs. Scott.

Both in a financial and musical sense the opening concert of the Woman's Morning Music Club on Thursday was a decided success. In the absence of the President, Mrs. Charles Harris, Mrs. G. E. Foster explained in a few words the object and standing of the Club. The programme, which was excellent if rather short, had nearly every number encored.

Col. and Mrs. Lake of Grenfell, N.W.T., are in town to bid farewell to Col. and Mrs. Henry Lake, who will sail shortly for India.

Miss Gwynne, daughter of Mr. Justice

In the modern "Love Chase" **CHOCOLATE BON-BONS** play an important part

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Newest Designs
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Select now and save regrets. You must see these goods to appreciate values.

HOOPER & CO.
Phone 536. 43 and 45 King St. West
Have you seen the display of Feather Flowers at Hooper's?

Gwynne, was married on Monday afternoon to Mr. Collingwood Schreiber, C.M.G., Deputy Minister of Railways and Canals, in Grace church, by the rector, Rev. J. F. Gorman. The affair was very quiet, there being no bridesmaids and only the relatives and a few personal friends present. Mr. and Mrs. Schreiber left by the afternoon train for New York, where the honeymoon is to be spent.

Quite a distinguished coterie of Canadians is in Washington, participating in gaieties innumerable and taking part in the work of the Conference. Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier and Miss Mary Scott, Sir Richard Cartwright, his charming daughter Miss Mary Cartwright, and his private secretary, Mr. O'Hara; Sir Louis and Lady Davies, and Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Pope are among the number already there.

Mrs. Douglas Farmer gives two large At Home this week in honor of her charming visitor and cousin, Miss Powell of British Columbia.

His Excellency the Governor-General, the Countess of Minto and their party were expected in town Saturday night. Everything and everybody was in readiness, but at the ninth hour a message was received that owing to the serious illness of Lord Melgund from a cold contracted on the voyage their departure was delayed. Sunday evening His Excellency's four other children, Lady Sybil Beauclerk, Lady Minto's niece, Mrs. Drummond, Mr. Guise and Capt. Lascelles, A.D.C., arrived by a special train. They were escorted to Rideau Hall by the Mayor. On Tuesday His Excellency arrived, accompanied by the Countess of Minto, Major Drummond and Capt. Graham, A.D.C., and was met at the station by a guard of honor and a number of people.

Ottawa, Nov. 15, '98.

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Scotch and Irish Whiskies
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In Seal Skin—\$150

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Ladies' "Sans Gene" Jacket

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Ye Gods and Little Fishes

A STORY OF ART AND ARTISTS.

By Sarah Hughes Graves in the New York Post.

WHEN Marie Louise clasped her slim fingers behind her mass of yellow-brown hair and tilted herself back—for safety proping her toes against the leg of her work-table—she looked as picturesquely dainty and sweet as the fresh bunch of her namesake violets pinned close to the left side of her stock.

Even the dewdrops were not missing. Two of them sparkled where they hung on her long, curved eyelashes, and twenty, perhaps, twinkled sympathetically back from their perfumed nest on her shoulder.

If it was affectation in Marie Louise to be so fond of the double, purplish blossoms, it was surely pardonable; resulting as it did in a ravishing neck-ribbon of changeable heliotrope and pale green, a gown of dull heliotrope mixed with green, crushed green velvet around her waist, and an enamelled violet pin, which constituted her one jewel.

A lapful of sketches slipped, slid, and rustled down upon the floor.

"I don't care!" said Marie Louise, with half a sob; "I'm just tired to death of fishes!"

"My dear!" remonstrated her mother. "My dear! Think how fortunate you are in having them to do."

"Oh, yes! I've been saying that to myself over and over for six months. But now the debts are all paid, and you are almost well, and the wolf has stopped sniffing at the door, and I am getting desperately tired of it all. Here I sit—study, study; draw, draw, draw; stipple, stipple, stipple, five hours a day, week in and week out, working with my hand and my eyes until my head is heavy and my shoulders tired. What do I care about embryonic morphology? What does it all amount to, anyway?"

"Look around you," said Mrs. Ware.

"Oh, of course; we have a cosy nest; just the place where I could do such good work, if it weren't for this scientific drawing. I put all my strength into it, and who sees or ever hears of the result? Some dusty old professor of ichthyology, who has no more appreciation of art than the fishes have themselves. And there is no true art in it, I tell you—nothing but a mechanical grind, grind! I planned to paint after my work hours—but by that time I'm too worn out and my enthusiasm is all gone."

Mrs. Ware came behind her dear little daughter and bread-winner, took the fluffy head in her arms, and gently closed the mutinous eyes.

"You'll have a chance some day," she said tenderly; "you are so young and talented. Be patient a little longer. Now tell mother what picture is forcing its way into this busy head. I know you want to begin something—what is it?"

"Oh, mamma, dear! Such glimmerings—gods and goddesses—I'll show you!"

She uncovered a large Bristol-board on which was lightly lined in a design so purely classic in conception and sweep—unfurnished though it was—that Mrs. Ware fairly held her breath in surprise.

"What is this for?" she asked.

"The Art Institute committee have advertised for designs for the Mardi Gras ball invitations. They offer a prize of twenty-five dollars for the one accepted. There will be hosts of Harlequins and Pierrots and Columbines, so I thought I would try a Greek treatment—a festival of Bacchus."

"But that is not appropriate; Mardi Gras is anything but classic."

"I know," impatiently, "but every year they have a relapse of the same old themes, so I'm going to make a bold attempt out of the beaten track. I don't expect them to accept it, but doing it takes my mind off these abominable little fishes." She scowled thunderously at the plates she was laboriously preparing for the "Complete Pacific Coast Ichthyology."

"Well, well, dear love, you can but try. Put aside the fishes for a while and take your little excursion up the slopes of Olympus. You will work the better for it afterward."

So the fishes were shelved and Marie Louise painted happily away for the best part of a week. Then she sent in her design, and began tranquilly once more on the forty-nine multitudinously striated side-plates of the podothecus.

Away up in the many-windowed wooden palace on California street, the invitation design submitted by Marie Louise stirred up quite a gust of admiration and curiosity.

"Whose work can this be?" exclaimed Mr. Bourguignon, whose Pierrot design was so far in the highest favor. "I do not recognize the touch. What breeziness of conception! What firmness of line! What delicacy of detail!"

Not all in vain had the prehistoric podothecus borne his ninety-eight striated sideplates on his variegated thorax.

When Marie Louise received her twenty-five-dollar cheque, accompanied by a request for an interview, she was wild with delight. When, on meeting the committee, she was formally invited to assist in designing the wall-decorations for the annual event, words were inadequate to express her emotions; through their medium, however, she managed to accept with sufficient decorum of tone, and to promise to attend the committee meeting early the following day.

The next morning she waited a full hour for the committee, putting in the time pleasantly enough exploring the high-roofed chambers of the big house, and their recently carved walls. It was grand, but rather too gloomy an abode for the gods, she concluded; so she fled from the great hall, up the broad stairs, into a cheery north-east room flooded with sunshine, where the windows

framed in a wide, bewildering pageant of blue bay and bluer sky; of Goat Island, glimmering from softest brown to softest green; of the resting black ships and the busy white ferries; of the eucalyptus-clad Berkeley hills with snow-streaked Mount Diablo peering above their smoky violet summits.

"Oh!" she cried ecstatically.

A tall, slender woman, dark-eyed, looked up from her canvas, turning her stately head to get a better view of Marie Louise; she glanced with amused comprehension at the sea view, then turned again to her study of the scarlet peppers and pale green cauliflower flowers arranged on a little stand by her side.

Marie Louise scanned the artist with interest. Her back was to the light; in the wavy, upward rise of black hair from nape to crown, numberless white threads were plainly visible. Marie Louise went over to the corner where the busy painter sat, and watched her skilful brush-work with perhaps more admiration than pleasure.

"For mercy's sake!" she cried impetuously, "how can you paint cauliflowers when Tamalpais is just outside the window!"

The dark woman smiled. "I know," she replied, "but I am a still-life painter, you see. One cannot do everything."

She tucked her brush behind her ear and leaned back to observe her companion. "After one has painted five years on cauliflowers one sees beauty in them."

"You have studied five years?"

"Not in this house, but in the institute, yes."

"Where did you study before?"

"Oh, I had to earn my living for ten years as a drawing-teacher in seminaries. I saved enough to carry me along for five years, then I gave up everything to devote myself to art."

"And to cauliflowers," Marie Louise supplemented below her breath.

"You certainly have accomplished something," she said aloud, eyeing with genuine respect the glowing cheeks of the peppers.

"Yes. Last week I sold a small study of crimson cabbage and ripe cucumbers for fifty dollars."

"Indeed!" Podothecus at five dollars a day began to look small.

"But the market is dull," her informant continued, with true artistic informality. "I spent six weeks on that piece, and it hung downstairs a year before it went."

"What others have you done?"

"Oh, any number. I have never sold anything else. Still, you must admit that fifty dollars was encouraging."

"Yes, indeed," murmured Marie Louise as the woman resumed her brush. At the door she turned for another look at the spare, picturesque figure; at the intent face, with its tragic brown eyes looking larger than they should above swiftly following cheeks, and overshadowed mysteriously by the bent black brows.

"Thirty-five, if she is a day—and has sold just one picture."

"Ah! Miss Ware, who has come here to put all of us old designers to shame!" cried hearty Mr. Bourguignon, meeting her at the threshold. "Well, what do you think of the house?"

"This room is a fit abode for the gods," she said; "but the rest is dreary."

"Electricity will do away with that," he said cheerily. "Let us go where some of the gods await us."

She followed him into the beautiful Moorish room and was soon deep in consultation. She was, of course, not competent to do the actual work, but, adopting her idea, the committee had decided to transform the Mardi Gras into a Bacchanalia for this year, in the interest of novelty and because it would give so great a scope for decorative effects. Mr. Brush, the famous figure-painter, was introduced to her. "This is being among the gods," she thought, as the great man sat down and with ready pencil began outlining his interpretation of her idea.

"I am sorry you cannot do these panels yourself," he said, genially; "I have so little time. Have you studied long on the figure?"

"Not at all," Marie Louise admitted blushing. "I—I have drilled on casts."

He looked amused. "I see," indulgently; "these figures of yours are hardly more than suggestions; but the line work is really fine—yes, yes; they are hopeful; de-cid-ed-ly hopeful."

Her heart beat tumultuously with pride. Here were approbation and encouragement from a high source, indeed.

"When do you expect to study?" he asked abruptly. "You do not intend to satisfy yourself with this sort of thing?"

"I wish I could begin as soon as the ball is over."

"Why not? If you have worked pretty faithfully at casts, I will see that you get admitted to the life-class. Ah! how I envy you the fresh enthusiasm of your early student days," whimsically, "when you have not yet found out your limitations, and the whole world is yours for the taking. Well, well! Four or five years with us, and after that four or five years in Paris will give you an idea of what you cannot do. Then you shall come back, and if you have not polished all the vitality out of your work, or taken up with this or that monstrosity of a fad, we will begin to look to you for something genuine."

She caught the infection of his enthusiasm, and passed the rest of the morning in a daze of exaltation and hope. This man understood her. He, like her, had felt the enchantment of the "human form divine." He had given up his life to the study of its perfections and its possibilities, and he was happy in his choice.

What an ideal life! The enthusiasm of youth, indeed! Why—there was more enthusiasm in one wave of his hand than she had ever seen or would ever be bold enough to express.

When, about noon, Marie Louise had taken her last look around the hall of the gods, preparatory to leaving, she found herself once again close to the dark-eyed genre-painter. Outside, on the steps, she noticed that the sharp March air dealt hardly with the woman's eager face; the bright sunshine brought out a network of fine, dark worry-lines that had not shown before.

"Are you going to take a car? No! Then we will walk down together."

Marie Louise assented readily. "I love these hills," she said, "and if I am to study here I must learn to climb them on foot."

"Then you are coming in?" The artist was evidently laboring under suppressed excitement or emotion; without waiting for an answer she spoke rapidly on. "I know what you thought when I told you of my one sale, and it does seem a small result for fifteen years of work; but it is the work itself that repays. If you have the true art-spirit you will find out what I mean. I was a drawing teacher, condemned to years of black and white, when my whole heart cried out for color—for glowing greens and browns and reds. I heard you tell Mr. Brush that you, who earn your living by drawing fishes, would go back to the Greek models and devote your life to the classic treatment of the human figure. Perhaps you can understand me."

"Yes," Marie Louise spoke softly with new comprehension and deference. Here was a woman who painted vegetables, not because they were vegetables, but because in them she found the strong, rich coloring that satisfied her artistic need. Here was enthusiasm again; just as real and just as magnetic as the exuberance of Mr. Brush.

The younger woman thrilled in response to the intensity of her companion, at the same time wondering why the ability to immerse herself in the occupation she had longed for did not make this strange woman happy; for happy, Marie Louise decided, her companion most assuredly was not.

"Here is my place. Come in for a cup of tea, and we will talk about your work, now that I have told you about mine," the artist said with one of the sweetest of smiles, which lighted up her dark face, banishing its look of strain and rendering it irresistibly hospitable.

"Mine has not yet begun," Marie Louise said, following her new-found friend into a dingy front hall, worn and faded as to carpet, but luxuriously furnished as to colors, which suggested a series of past and gone dinners discouraging to contemplate even in the retrospect. On the third story they entered a small, low-studded room that revealed the very heart of its tenant—a nest of brilliant colorings.

"Things I have picked up," the hostess said carelessly, busying herself at a tea-table. "You will have to get used to third and fourth floors, unless you have some means of support other than art, for, of course, it will be years before you sell anything. You have chosen an unpopular and difficult line; only men with great names can sell classic compositions, so you will probably have to keep up your pen-and-ink work to pay expenses."

Marie Louise shuddered. "But how do the rest get on? Surely somebody sells something?"

"Oh, yes, perhaps half a dozen pay their way by pictures. Kenyon's oaks find a market in any number nowadays. He has been painting just them for thirty years. The professors all get a good salary. Mrs. Benson controls the patronage for flowers. Mr. Guinasso has made a reputation on Chinatown subjects and sand dunes. He sells one now and then. He is between forty and fifty, and Sand

dunes do not sell very well, so he has dropped them. However, he does not depend wholly on his pictures. Mr. Brush sells almost as well as Mr. Kenyon—but he starved for years and years. It takes starving to bring out genius."

"No more heliotrope gloves," she said playfully. "No more extravagant, violet-massed picture hats, if you are going to be an artist and work your way. I do not mean to be discouraging. I have told you all this so that you may think it well over before you take the decisive step. You look about twenty. If you were possessed of true genius it would probably have declared itself long ago; it would have broken all bounds and forced you to expression. There would have been no art-frocks, no home luxuries; instead, a shabby gown and an attic. If you are willing to face that, to face it for years of hard work, loneliness, and lack of appreciation, you may have the divine spark within you. If not, follow my advice instead of my example, and make yourself love the work you can do well instead of attempting the work you love, but in which there is no certainty and very little hope of your succeeding; always excepting that you feel in your life the power of genius—and then you will have no choice."

Mrs. Ware looked up rather anxiously when Marie Louise came into their cosy sitting-room, a meditative expression on her face.

"Did you enjoy your morning among the gods?"

"Very much," Marie Louise took off her cherished hat and began lightly to blow a few grains of dust from the velvet violet petals. "I discovered (puff) that gods are (puff, puff), only ordinary men, (puff, puff), a head and shoulders above the crowd (puff, puff, puff), with a super-human capacity for hard work and (puff) self-denial."

After luncheon she settled down to her pens.

"Are the fishes any more distasteful than they were yesterday?" Mrs. Ware asked, puzzled at her daughter's lack of effusiveness.

"Well, no, mamma. I have decided that I prefer them to the gods. If it were simply a choice between gods alone and fishes alone, of course it would be different. But there is the question of loaves to be considered. The gods do not demand ordinary bread—they dine on ambrosia. Now ambrosia is scarce and very hard to obtain. So I have decided to stop dreaming of the gods, and to make myself happy with my loaves—of which I am fond—and my fishes—of which I am capable."

Told by the Editor.

During a Holiday Ramble he Visits the Old Homestead.

He Found Changes That Astonished Him, One of Which Deserves the Widest Publication for the Benefit It May Prove to Others.

From the Leader and Recorder, Toronto Junction.

The editor of the Leader and Recorder, during a recent holiday trip through the counties of York, Peel, Dufferin and Grey, spent a few days at the old parental homestead where he was born and spent many happy years. The old homestead is in the township of Euphrasia, Grey county, about one and a half miles south of the village of Heathcote, and about ten miles from the town of Meaford. It is occupied by the writer's youngest brother, George J. Fawcett. The latter was the picture of health, and remembering that when he came from Detroit, where he had been living for several years, and took possession of the homestead, he was in such feeble health that his life was despaired of, the writer suggested that the bracing climate of the northern regions must be the best medicine in the world for a shattered constitution. The reply made contained statements so remarkable that we consider it a pleasure as well as a duty to give them as wide publicity as possible through the columns of the Leader and Recorder. A severe attack of malaria, contracted whilst in Detroit, brought the writer's brother to death's door, from which he recovered only to find himself the victim of a complication of troubles which unfitted him for work. He was attended by some of the most eminent physicians in Detroit, but he received little or no benefit from their treatment. Change of air was finally recommended, and he removed with his family to the County of Grey. A slight change for the better was noticeable at first, but he soon relapsed into the old condition and again sought help from the leading doctors of the district in turn. Sleeplessness took possession of him and soon he was wasted away to a mere skeleton. Then the doctors declared they could do nothing more for him and advised him to go to California. During all these weary months he read in the papers from time to time, and laughed at what he termed the "miracles" wrought by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. He had no faith in such remedies, and it was only when the physicians told him that they could do no more for him that, like the drowning man who catches at a straw, he thought he would try a box of the pills. To his great astonishment his sleeplessness had vanished before he had been using the pills a week, and he slept like an infant. Gradually his strength returned and his appetite improved, and soon he felt like a new man. A few months after taking the first dose he was as well as ever. For more than two years past he has not taken any medicine whatever, and to-day you will not find a sturdier specimen of mankind in Grey than George J. Fawcett. "What do I think of Pink Pills?" he queried with a smile; "why I think there is nothing like them on earth for building up the system. But for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I do not think I would be alive to-day."

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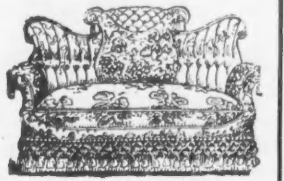
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Mrs. McBride's Finn.

Bazar.
Young Mrs. McBride had had so much trouble with impudent servants that she was on the verge of nervous prostration, and she would certainly have gone over the verge had the McBride income been large enough. She finally became desperate.

"John," she said one day, "I have hired a new servant. She isn't particularly competent, but of one thing I am certain—she will not be impudent."

"She won't?" cried her astonished husband. "How do you know she won't?"

"I'm sure she won't," replied Mrs. McBride; "and even if she is, I shall not know it. She's a Finn, just over, and she doesn't speak but four words of English."

All the next day Mrs. McBride struggled with the Finn. She talked herself hoarse. She would fairly shout her directions, but shouts and whispers were alike to the Finn. She simply could not understand. When Mr. McBride came home at night his wife was again on the verge.

"Why do you shout so when you talk to her?" he asked, laughing heartily.

"Why? Why, I simply can't make her hear!" cried his wife. "I am so hoarse I can hardly speak aloud, and I am completely worn out. What shall I do, dear?"

"Let me discharge her, of course."

"Discharge her!" echoed his wife. "That's just about as sensible as the average man's suggestion. Discharge her! Discharge that Finn who knows four words of English!" she sobbed. "What good would that do? Why, John, I have discharged her seventeen times already, and she thinks I've been telling her to get dinner!"

Not a Housewife.

Bazar.
"I think," said Marmaduke to his fiancee, "that you will make an ideal housewife."

"Then you'd better think otherwise," she retorted. "Do you know what a housewife is? It's a small bag containing buttons, needles, pins, spools of cotton, a comb, tobacco, pipe and matches, designed for soldiers. I assure you, sir, that I am not only not a small bag, but I do not contain buttons, needles, pins, spools of cotton, a comb, tobacco, pipe and matches."

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"Then you'd better think otherwise," she retorted. "Do you know what a housewife is? It's a small bag containing buttons, needles, pins, spools of cotton, a comb, tobacco, pipe and matches, designed for soldiers. I assure you, sir, that I am not only not a small bag, but I do not contain buttons, needles, pins, spools of cotton, a comb, tobacco, pipe and matches."



A Woman's Way.

"I'll just rest a minute, and that pain will pass away." Many a self-sacrificing woman has said this, only to find the pain comes back again with greater force. Most of these pains and spells of illness come from the stomach, and are caused by indigestion or some of its kindred ills. Between these ills and the many worries and cares of a household a woman becomes old before her time. Take a teaspoonful of

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in half a tumbler of water every morning before breakfast, and you will be free from the illnesses that paint wrinkles on your face and streak your hair with gray.

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Every package guaranteed. The 5 lb. carton of Table Salt is the neatest package on the market. For sale by all first-class grocers.

The Rajah and the Trader.

PICTURE to yourself a native town in Central India consisting mostly of low, flat-roofed houses built around a curve sloping gently down to a species of ravine, at the head of which is seen the Palace. Close to it is the Temple and hard by are several tanks or reservoirs. In one clothes are being washed. From another a stream of men, women, and children is seen to emerge carrying water in every sort of vessel; the men three parts naked and bent into a true cyclist's curve under a bamboo and two buckets, the women balancing chattles on their heads and moving with infinite grace.

There is a hum of returning life after the heat of the day. A slight breeze is ruffling the surface of the largest tank, which is surrounded by a low parapet and is without steps to approach the water. It is of irregular shape and gloomy aspect; for the basin is deep and the walls are smooth and almost black. The water has a greenish tint and is perfectly stagnant, except where a large patch of it is occasionally seen to move slowly round. This is the muggers' tank; it is inhabited by a group of these monsters remarkable alike for size and ferocity.

The gruesomeness of the great tank consists rather in what is suggested than in what is revealed. For hours and hours nothing is seen, and then all at once the marrow in one's bones is congealed by the sight of a pair of gaping jaws appearing for an instant above the surface.

It is sunset, the crocodiles' feeding time. A small but picturesque group is seen approaching the dreaded tank from the palace. The Rajah leads the way. In the center of the group is a trader, to whom he owes a large sum of money, strongly guarded and looking more dead than alive.

"Make him stand close to the parapet," shouts the Rajah. The order is obeyed, and the feeding commences.

"If he closes his eyes even for an instant, rouse him with a spear point," cries his tormentor.

And now the dark, stagnant water is thrashed into foam by a struggle for some favorite morsel. Terrible, tawny forms are seen for an instant writhing in horrible contortions. The onlookers hold their breath. The condemned man is paralyzed with terror, and the low rattle of his chains is distinctly audible when the splashing ceases.

"Vile son of a depraved mother," hisses the same terrible voice, "you have another week to live, and each sunset will give you a foretaste of the fate that awaits you! You will be torn to pieces by these monsters, your only equals in rapacity. Nothing can save you. I have spoken. Take him away."

The unfortunate man is half-dragged, half-carried to a dungeon beneath the Palace, where sounds of revelry reach his ear as he lies on a bundle of rags, loaded with chains.

Curiously enough he still has a friend who whispers, "God is good. There is a ray of hope. Many things may happen in a week. Eat a morsel and try to sleep." And sleep he does after a fashion. But now and again he is dragged down, down to tremendous depths of darkness; loathsome forms surround him, and he wakes up with a shriek.

Every evening the terrible feeding performance is rehearsed with different incidents. Sometimes the food is left almost untouched. "Perhaps there may be time to drown myself before they seize me," thinks the condemned man; for the week has almost passed and hope has died within him.

On the fatal morning his friend whispers: "There is just one chance. I contrived to have certain stories read to the Rajah of appalling disasters which overwhelmed one of his ancestors for executing a man bereft of reason."

The deference shown to demented people throughout the East is most remarkable. The prisoner promises to behave like an idiot when the guards come to remove his chains. The morning is spent in practicing all the idiotic grimaces which the actor *malgre lui* had seen or could imagine, and, sooth to say, unexpected talent comes to his aid. Once rid of his chains, he swaggers about as if he were taking part in a triumphal procession, makes a series of exaggerated salutations to the Rajah, and grins at the muggers, who are most voracious on this occasion, having been tantalized with small morsels—rather than fed—by the Prince's orders on the previous evening.

"Our capitalist friend is shamming madness, but the trick will not avail him. Hold him well over the water."

The victim expresses the greatest delight and bends down towards as if trying to reach the reptiles, chortling like a child who is being shown a new toy and pointing to the jaws that are yawning for him. There never was such an actor. The Rajah goes close to him, peers into his eyes and says, "He is really mad. Take him away until he regains his reason."

The guards are tired of their dangerous and constrained position. Their arms are numb; on hearing the last order they withdraw a step and for a moment leave go their hold. The condemned man springs on the Rajah, and with a mantling howl sends him flying into the water. There is a shriek of rage and terror defying description. A flutter, a splash, a muffled groan, and the rest is silence. The splendid turban is shaken to pieces as it reappears on the surface. Another splash and a mangled trunk is seen for a few moments. It is the object of a relentless struggle, and a large portion of the tank is flecked with foam and blood as the last rays of the setting sun light up the awful scene.

The assailant does not forget his part for a moment. He continues to laugh and gesticulate in the way that imposed so successfully on his tyrant; acting as a lunatic showman in the interpretation of a nightmare to an audience petrified with terror.

One successful appearance condemned him to play the fool for the rest of his life.

His friend kept his secret, but his next of kin took possession of his property. The grandson of the man who had such a narrow escape told me the story on the spot.—*The Outlook.*

The World's Great Apple Problem.

Saturday Evening Post.

PROBABLY our great ancestor, Adam, little thought of the trouble he would cause posterity by eating an apple. But now the question as to how many apples he really did eat is a new difficulty.

How many apples did Adam and Eve eat? Was it one, or was it millions? When the subject was first mooted, the editor very naturally replied, "Why, one, of course."

"No," said the assistant editor, "Eve ate one, and Adam ate one, too, that's....."

Then the sub-editor passed along a slip of paper, on which was written, "Eve 81 and Adam 81, making....."

But the poet, who is a man of imagination, capped this with, "Eve 81 and Adam 812, equals....."

Then the publisher tried his hand, and his contribution was, "Eve 812 see how it tasted, and Adam 812, equals....."

But his assistant beat the publisher, asserting that, "Eve 812 see how it tasted, and Adam 812 keep her company....."

The poet, who dislikes being surpassed as much as he hates barbers, came up to the scratch again with "Eve 812 see how it tasted, and Adam 81,242 keep her company....."

Then the humorist, who had been listening quietly, handed in his contribution, "Eve 812 see how it tasted, and Adam 8,124,210-der a husband was he to see her eat alone, equals....."

There the matter rests for the present, and we are very thankful it does rest.

The Doctor Declined.

Bazar.

"Doctor," said Mr. Gargoyles, as he looked over the physician's bill for professional services, "I wonder if we could arrange to settle this account in trade?"

"We might," replied the doctor doubtfully; "what business are you in, Mr. Gargoyles?"

"Well, I see that I owe you for ten calls. How would it do for me to return

those calls, for I am something of a caller myself?"

But the doctor refused to consider the proposition.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

For over fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by mothers for their children while teething. Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhoea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."



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Imperial Oxford RANGE

Makes it possible to draw forward all the contents of the oven and attend to cakes, roasts or roasts in a good light, with no chance of scorching your arms. And this is the only one of many advantages offered by this splendid new range. If you haven't seen them, call at the Oxford Store, 569 Queen West, or at any of our Agents.

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Anitchkoff Palace, St. Petersburg, December 6, 1894.

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FOR OVERWORKED MEN, DELICATE WOMEN, SICKLY CHILDREN

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Poor girl—she was ashamed of that faded-out, last winter's jacket. She blushed! And a few cents would have spared her feelings. A few cents spent for that English Home Dye that doesn't streak, crack or fade (Maypole Soap) would have deceived her friends and made the old jacket look like new again.

Next time she won't blush—there'll be no cause for blushing if she uses—Maypole Soap Dyes

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The Yellow Danger.

The Overrunning of Europe by the Chinese.

By M. P. SHIEL.

IN Dr. Yen How was the East. He was the son of a Japanese father by a Chinese woman. In Japan he passed for a Jap, and in China for a Chinese. He was the scholar of the Orient, yet if ever man was cosmopolitan, that man was Dr. Yen How. No European could be more familiar with the minutiae of Western civilization. His degree of doctor he had obtained at the University of Heidelberg; for years he had practiced as a specialist in the diseases of women and children at San Francisco. However, he was nothing if not heathen. He was that first of all. By sheer force of character and intellect he reached the ear of Li Hung Chang in China and of the Marquis Ito in Japan in the summer of 1898.

"Poh!" he said to the Marquis Ito, sipping tea among rugs, "there are no statesmen now. Statesmen!—there are no such things. Not here—not in Europe. An ordinary man is a man who thinks in days; a statesman proper thinks in thousands of years. The outlook and computations of a statesman should be as much vaster than those of a private person, as a country is vaster than a tea-house. Believe me, there are no statesmen."

"Come, doctor, why do you say that?" asked the Marquis.
"Look forward five hundred, a thousand years, Marquis, and what do you see?" answered Yen How. "Is it not this—the white man and the yellow man in their death-grip, contending for the earth. The white and the yellow—there are no others. The black is the slave of both; the brown does not count. But there are those two, and when the day comes that they stand face to face in dreadful hate, saying, 'One or other must quit this earth,' shall I tell you which side will win?"

"Which do you think?"
"The white will win, Marquis."

"Perhaps I differ from you," said the Marquis Ito.

"Ah! you differ from me. But I am right all the same; and I mean, sooner or later, to prove it to you abundantly, abundantly! The white will win, I tell you! You great men in Japan are trying to copy them, straining your poor necks to come up with them; but I have passed my life in studying them—and I've got something to tell you; listen to it: you cannot, Marquis, you cannot!"

"Our Navy already—," began the Marquis.

"Poh! your Navy! Who built it for you? It was they. Your Navy is like a razor in the hands of an ape which has seen its master use it. The brute may or may not cut its own throat with it. And as soon as they build a navy for you, they will build one twice as big for themselves, and twice as good. There is no reason why you should not follow them, and go on following them—only understand that you cannot catch them! And this is another thing that you should understand—that the longer you follow them the farther they get away from you. Their every day of progress is continually increasing. Every day that passes over the world gives them an additional advantage over you. To-day their guns can now you down by hundreds; in a hundred years they will mow you down by thousands; in five hundred years by millions. Can't you see?—you are losing time!"

"What do you mean?"

"Ah, I mean that there are no longer any statesmen, Marquis. The eye of the statesman ranges far, far into the tracts of the future, doesn't it? But we! Here are we now—we Japanese, we Chinese, we yellow men—playing about in little diplomatic mud-puddles with French, and Russian, and English, and German, as if all that mattered two sen! And all the time we know well, yet seem not to know, that French, and English, and the rest, are equally our foe, and tyrant, and vulture, one not more than the other! That if we do not eat them all now, at once, they all will swallow us whole some day, soon—soon. And to see China fighting with Japan in such a case, and Japan banging into China—is it not childish enough to make a donkey, or even a Grand Lama, laugh? There are no statesmen any longer, Marquis."

"Well, come, I see something in what you are driving at," said Ito. "We and China are like two birds pecking at each other on a bough, when suddenly they are both down the belly of a serpent, which has been calmly watching them. Well, but what are we to do? By your own showing, the birds can do nothing against the serpent."

"Did I say that?" asked Yen, lifting his eyebrows in innocent surprise. "Oh, I didn't mean it! There are many birds, you see, and few serpents. In the world to-day there are 408,000,000 Christians and—mark the figures—1,004,000,000 non-Christians. I can see that you are startled."

"You think that by sheer force of numbers—"

"Yes, if we had taken our opportunity in time—if we had struck two hundred—a hundred years ago. Even to-day I believe that it is hardly too late, if the yellow race can find a great leader. I am perfectly sure that in a hundred years' time it will be too late."

"Why so?"

"I have told you. By that time the white man will have something like a magician's power over all nature. He will say to the mountains and the seas: 'Be removed!'—and at his mere whisper they will obey him. We yellow men, too, will have advanced, but they will have vastly outstripped us. We cannot follow them, I tell you. The day will come when our

mere numbers will no longer be of any importance in baulking and overthrowing them."

"You talk of big things, my friend," said Ito. "Are you serious?"

"Yes, Marquis, I am serious."

"You advocate a League of the yellow races?"

"I do."

"He! he! the idea tickles me; it is so very far from realization—there are so many obstacles—"

"No, really—I think not. I believe it is very near to realization. Events are at this moment in progress at Pekin which will force it to accomplishment—soon. Suppose I tell you that I, personally, have laid those events in train?"

"You, doctor? What are you going to lead us all, then, against Paris and London? He! he!"

"Perhaps, Marquis."

"What, to face the Nordenfeldts, and the Maxims, and the Krupps? The Chinese will run from the first twelve-pounder!"

"There may not be any twelve-pounders there when they get to Paris and London," said Yen How with absolute coolness, yet with an emphasis and an intonation of solemnity in his voice which held the Marquis from answer for a minute.

"Really, I don't understand you," he said at last.

"Yet my meaning should be clear."

"No—do explain yourself."

Yen How rose to his feet before he answered.

"Marquis," he said, "is it possible you do not see that China has it in her power to turn Europe into an exhausted waste within, say, three months from to-night, without firing a single shot, or spending a single tal?"

There is the scheme of Dr. Yen How, the scheme of the sensational story by M. P. Shiel, *The Yellow Danger*. The crafty doctor arranges a secret agreement between China and Japan, and, himself in full charge of the affairs of China, begins his plan of turning Europe into an exhausted waste without spending a Chinese tal or wasting a Chinese life. Germany acquired Kiaochow; Russia acquired Port Arthur; Britain obtained Wai-hai-Wei and Mirs Bay. In December (1898) came the news that China had ceded a large additional region to Germany, absolutely without conditions. The courts of Europe were soon in a whirl of activity.

Sitting in a moonlit veranda in China, Yen How talked with Li Hung Chang.

"Do let us be honest with ourselves, Your Excellency. You agree with me that the yellow man is doomed—if the white man is not; in your heart you think it."

"Speak, Yen How."

"To me it seems that if we could supply a motive to the combined Japanese and Chinese nations to traverse Asia and the Caucasus, and then to overrun the Europe of to-day, there is no power on earth that could permanently check the overwhelming momentum of their progress."

"It is nonsense, my son," said Li. . . .
"We wish the white races killed," answered Yen; "well, there are two ways, are there not? We might kill them ourselves—that, you say, is nonsense. The other way is to get them to kill one another."

Li's pipe came from his mouth, and the outer corners of his eyes screwed up into an expression of the most exquisite enjoyment.

"What is left alive of them after their mutual slaughter," Yen How went on, "we can kill."

How the white races were to be made to destroy one another Li never asked, though the conversation lasted far into the night. He knew well. That, at least, was easy.

"England," said Yen as they parted, "she is the worst. All the others against her."

France was offered by China the protectorate of Hainan and Yun-nan. Next Russia was offered the protectorate of the Yangtse Valley.

China was being partitioned between Germany, France and Russia. Great Britain was being shut out. Then came word to England that China could not pay interest on the loan. Next day Malta was telegraphically disconnected from London. The next day a despatch boat was racing towards Malta under guard of a battleship. In the Mediterranean French battleships barred the way, and War was on.

In the East Japan feigned to be with England, and the two powers had all the coal. But soon the allied fleets had plenty of fuel, secretly secured from Japan, and sailed to catch the British squadron by surprise. Japan warned the British, yet did not send her fleet, because she wanted the destruction of both combatants. When the British had defeated the allied fleets—her own ships nearly all under water—the Japanese navy, flying no flags, appeared and sank the survivors. On the Channel, in the Mediterranean, on the Atlantic, Britain met the allied powers, and modern battleships being stronger in attack than defence, the mutual ruin was terrific. Sweden, Norway, Austria, Italy, all the little States, soon were involved in the big war, seizing the moment to gain back territories that had been lost. In fact, soon Europe had exhausted herself of men, ammunition, ships, wealth, food.

Yen How begins.

In three months he had 280,000,000 Chinese men, women and children on the move in China, following four main routes, the better to possess Western Asia and all Europe, avoiding only Turkey and Hungary—people of their own race of a former migration. Over Russia, Italy, Germany, France, Spain, all Europe the countless millions of Chinese pour—killed by thousands or millions in the last desperate stands made by the continental nations, their pattering feet move on over Teuton, Gaul and Rus, heedless of their own dead. They were as unorganized, as heedless of their individual fate, as irresistible as a plague of locusts. Three

hundred million Chinese! Divided into four great divisions—dividing into eight, into ten, into three hundred divisions, each a million strong, then sub-dividing again and again and possessing every city, town and hamlet, every peasant's hut in Europe; killing with unutterable horrors, screaming and chattering, their pig-tails whirling in St. Petersburg, Rome, Vienna, Berlin, Lisbon, Paris.

The white people of the continent were destroyed save for those who had fled across to England. And Yen How began to move his hordes on England. Immense floats were made to convey the yellow millions, and the Japanese fleet moved ahead.

But the plot takes a turn and Great Britain is saved. It is too long a story to tell here—we can but point you to the book.

The Yellow Danger is the most remarkable book of the generation—intensely interesting and vastly disquieting.

The Making of Lace.

THE Queen of the Belgians was the first to blow the trumpet of alarm about the falling off of the lace industry in Flanders, the province which, according to the old saying, was the cradle of lace-making. The legend says that Jacqueline, Countess of Flanders, was deeply in love with her noble husband, the superb Hendrik, who, unhappily, did not return with much *empressment* her tender feelings. He had even thrown a perfidious eye on Serena, one of the Countess's maids, who for the sole crime of her irresistible beauty was sent by her mistress into a place of concealment, almost a prison, in some remote corner of the palace. The room where the poor girl was confined opened on a small and damp garden, where she used to go and sadly sit in her loneliness, thinking all the time of her only love, the equerry Luitpold.

One day, as she was there, feeling more miserable than usual, she shut her eyes, which were filled with tears, and fervently prayed to the Virgin Mary to work a miracle in her favor. Then she raised up her weary eyelids and, behold, she saw a million of white silky threads, so tenuous, and arranged in such wonderful patterns, that she remained lost in admiration before them. They were the work of the Virgin Mary.

She was dreamily looking at them, when it occurred to her that she would try and imitate the lovely patterns of good Mary's threads, for clearly they had been sent to her by the Holy Mother herself in answer to her supplications. At last, after a long month of toil and prayers to the Virgin, she achieved a square piece of gossamer cobweb-like work which could rival the threads that her Holy patron had arranged. The lace was sent to the Countess, who almost cried with delight

The Cyclist's Farewell to His Wheel.

MY bicycle! my bicycle! that from the sweltering town has borne me off,—thy time has come: I'm going to throw you down. Yes, good and hard, for good hard cash; and though the price is low, My bank won't let me overdraw, and I must have the dough. Some interest in the change you'll find (a little on the side). The man whose gold had purchased thee has not yet learned to ride! Gold cannot buy that sovereign art; it must be learned by all. The ground is hard; so throw him down, and spring an early fall.

My bicycle! my bicycle! my model Ninety-eight!

Last night, to make thee look like new, I labored long and late. I polished thy enameled frame; I scraped thy tires bare, And with a hand-pump filled them full of keen November air. And if some words I uttered then that are not fit to speak, Think not 'twas that thy tubes were flat, or that thy valves did leak. 'Twas that another hand must do what I had done so long; So do not let the air out, though I've sold you for a song.

I dusted thee, de-rusted thee; with elbow grease and toil, Renewed thy easy-running youth with chain and midnight oil. Thy spokes bespeak my care to make thy dust-appraisal rise, And thus, though dustless thou, throw dust in thy new master's eyes. I cleaned thy bearings, oiled thy hubs, as they had never been, And on each little sprocket-point I put some chainelene. I polished bright thy ruby rims, made shine each nickel part; And every stroke of work was like a dagger in my heart!

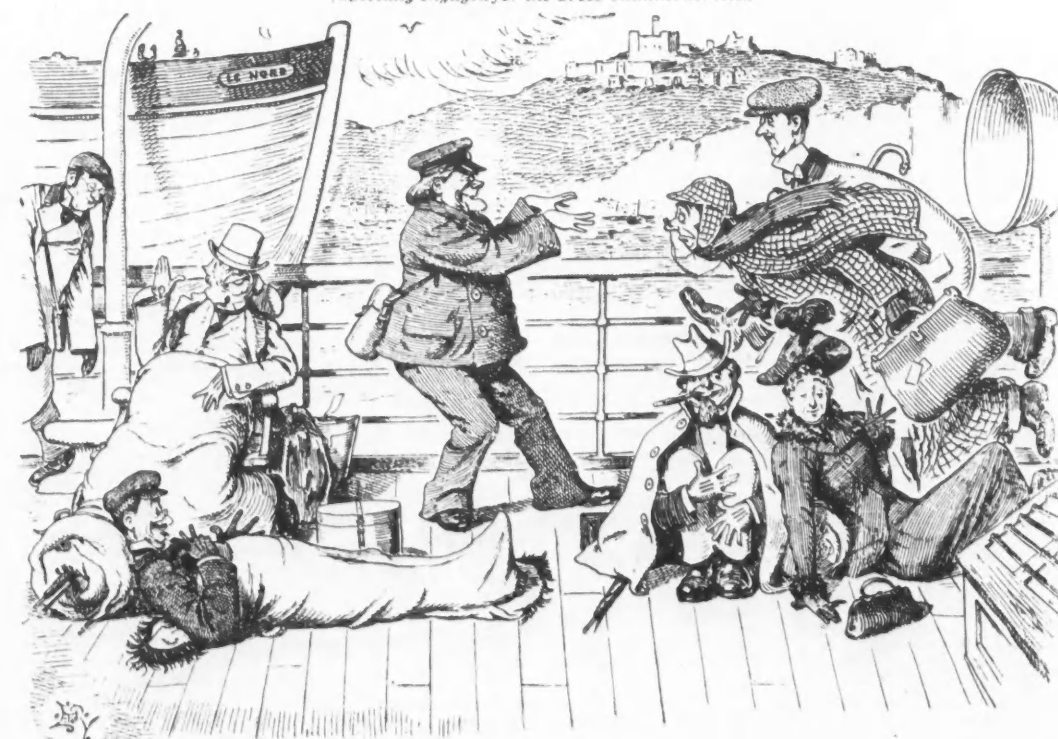
My bicycle! my bicycle! I'll have to toe the chalk. For while thy master rideth thee, alas! I'll have to walk! He'll pass me on the street as though he rode upon the wind; The farther that thou travellest then, so far I'll be behind. Yet, though I mount thee not again, perchance another year You'll see me mounted, proudly humped, upon a bevel-gear. But now a stranger grips thy bars! Since times with me are dull, And war has raised the price of coal—thou'rt sold, my bicy-cull!

C. G. ROGERS.

Ottawa, Nov., '98.

The Hypnotic Steward.

Punch.
(Specially engaged for the Cross Channel Service.)



"Dr. Paul Farez asserts that he has found in hypnotism an absolutely infallible remedy for sea-sickness and similar discomforts."—Daily Paper.

On Rosedale Bridge.



Bobby—"You are very fond of scenery aren't you, Uncle Harry?"
"Yes, rather. Why do you ask?"
"Oh, I just thought you must be. Mamma says you and Aunt Lil have a good many scenes at your house."

at the sight of such beauty, and at once sent for the young captive, whom she had nearly forgotten. She paid such a good price for the work that Serena and Luitpold were able to marry at once, and, furthermore, they became very rich, for the young woman never stopped making lace, and taught her art to her seven daughters, from whom descend all the Bruges lace-makers.

Strange to say, it was the elegant Marie Antoinette who was the first to forsake the splendid lace worn in profusion at the Courts of Louis XIV. and Louis XV. and replace it by cheap bits of gauze, muslin and net. The Empress Josephine brought the fashion back again. She professed an irresistible adoration for beautiful lace, so much so that more than once she ran deeply into debt for it. Napoleon,

who, as we know, always felt kindly toward her, would often, after a severe scolding, lightly box her ears and say: "Little Majesty, I cannot be too hard with you, for your very soul is made of lace."

A Latter Day Parable.

BY DODO.

THE British Matron had been blessed with a large family, and in the seclusion of her middle-class home, she had cultivated such virtues as nagging, back-biting, and hypocrisy; but she had never committed murder, for the fear of the law was ever upon her, and this fear she accounted yet another virtue. She was poorly and self-satisfied, and she wished everyone to understand that her dingy, unwholesome home, with its stuffy finery and its pretentious ornamentation, was Heaven on a small scale; and that she was the amiable and presiding genius whose opinions were based upon truth, clothed with righteousness, and unchangeable as the laws that govern the universe.

With her seven sons around her she was one day sitting in her drawing-room, with its warehousings of couches and easy chairs, of piano and what-not, useless tables and bric-a-brac, and she eyed these things with satisfaction, and was assured that they had come to her because of her worthiness. She didn't exactly know what crimes poor people had committed, but she was certain that every poor person had in some way offended, or else he or she would have been equally blessed with herself. She and her class had made a special deity for themselves—a respectable, artificial smug one, and they scoffed at all other deities and said that these had no refinement; and yet every one who made a deity had fashioned it out of his own heart, and it was his own heart that he worshipped. Some were beautiful, some were hard and rough, some were withered, and some hideous; but the Matron's was a self-satisfied smirk on one side and a fierce frown on the other. It was like a fat sofa cushion, but she was afraid that if she offended it, it would fall upon her and bruise her to death, and so she brought up her sons to kow-tow to it.

Mother Nature had known this Matron as a child, and had lost sight of her afterward. And Mother Nature had spoken to

the seven sons, and their own mother had heard of this. Then she cried that Mother Nature's ideas were abominable, and she threatened her sons with her own wrath, and the wrath of the sofa-cushion if they dared to listen any more. But Mother Nature was quiet and calm. She always fits each human being out in the beginning, and in the end she gathers each one, and whether they believe in her or not, her work is done just the same. Yet one day, weary of the Matron's petty efforts to re-arrange the scheme of creation, she called upon her and her sons; and the sons, who were not wholly warped in mind, thought she was very beautiful, but the Matron declared her to be hideous and vulgar.

"Madam," said Dame Nature gravely, "although you will not acknowledge me, I am your mother. I tried to make you beautiful—in your young days you were slim and fair, and you did my bidding; but now you are gross and coarse; you see evil in good, you make trouble where there is none, you are ashamed that you did not make yourself as you and your friends made the little sofa-cushion; and you would have your children believe that my best work, made for the pleasure and the good of all, ought to be shunned and ignored."

"I beg your pardon," said the Matron indignantly, "but I know nothing at all about you. I have never mentioned you to anyone, and I am proud to say so. Kindly remember that the law of the land does not recognize you."

"Madam," said Mother Nature, "my law was before all other laws, and it must endure to the end. Now, was it not you who said there was sin and shame in Art that holds the mirror up to Nature—to me the beautiful, the eternal? Was it not you that condemned those who innocently pictured the beautiful for the delight of the world, and did you not forbid your sons to look upon their work?"

"Disgusting," said the Matron; "what do we want with Art, or Nature either, when we have Respectability. The people who made those statues in the museum were heathens, and knew no better. My children shall never go into those exhibitions if I can prevent it. If they want to see statues they shall go to Madame Tussaud's."

"Madam," said Mother Nature, "there is no reason for your existence, excepting as a terrible example to others. You are unnatural, and therefore detestable. The heathen has a better conception of the sublime than you have. Throw away that absurd sofa-cushion, and don't bow to your own frowns, unwholesome work, and the work of your fellow-fools. This way lies your only hope. Good-bye, boys; don't listen to ignorant, immodest criticisms of me; be generous to your enemies, and always try and do your neighbor a good turn, and all will be well with you. And don't forget that I am your Mother," and so saying she left the house.

"I hope no one saw her come in," wailed the Matron. "My dear boys, we must say nothing of this. Let us pretend that this Mrs. Nature never existed!" And she is still trying to keep up the illusion.

—E.R.

Dodson's Reformation.

DODSON is a good fellow, but he has always had a weakness for the flowing bowl and the sociabilities of the club. The credit of Dodson's reformation belongs to his wife. Finding tears and pleadings of no avail, she set her wits to work. Her husband had always insisted on using a large downstairs room for a bedroom. Perhaps he had some doubts as to his ability to navigate the stairs on a dark night, perhaps it was something else. One night when Dodson had departed for his club, his wife had the room cleared, and the furniture of the sitting-room brought in and placed in the same position as it had occupied in the sitting-room. At three o'clock in the morning Dodson arrived, took his bearings in the hall, and started for his bedroom, and entered what he took to be the sitting-room. This rather surprised Dodson, but he went out in the hall, secured his bearings again, and tried it once more, with the same result. Six times he tried to reach his bedroom, and the result was the same. Then he gave it up with a sigh, and went to an hotel. The next morning his wife had the furniture put back in its proper place, and when Dodson arrived home with an excuse of having been detained all night she made no comment.

The Woman of the Future.

"The Eve of the future" is the theme of a writer in the Paris *Figaro*, who is almost willing to admit that she will be an American type, the result of the intermingling of many races and the pursuit of outdoor sports. She will have, he declares, a straight brow, rather low than high; a neck well poised on sloping shoulders—a neck to wear high, narrow collars; slender arms; a waist that one could span with two hands; hardly any hips; and an independent, manly carriage. "The aristocratic air," he continues, "is not always linked with beauty. As a matter of fact, 'blood does not always tell.' One finds the aristocratic type in all classes of the social scale—the rather long and finely cut nose; the firm chin; long, slender white hands, with slim and tapering fingers; tall, erect figure; long, narrow delicate foot, made for pointed shoes; the whole person alert, elegant, snella, as the Italians say. We agree with the Americans in attaching more importance to the expression than to the shape of the features, and we prefer a *spirituelle*, mobile, and vivacious face to features of perfect purity and perfect immobility. Form attracts us, but we are in love with life, and it is the secret of the Parisienne's charm."

Starboarder—Who is making all that noise? Mrs. Hashly—It's the Rev. L. O. Cutor rehearsing his sermon for to-morrow. Starboarder—Oh, I see. Practicing what he preaches.—*Town Topics*.

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Anecdotal.

At a dinner of the Literary Society, Lord Houghton once said, with reference to a statue that had been lately found near Athens, that, when the Demarch telegraphed to the Lord Mayor of London, "Phidias recovered," the latter replied, "Glad to hear it, but didn't know he had been ill."

A local tenor of English extraction was recently singing the Death of Nelson in a way that greatly delighted himself. A Scotch citizen asked him "what on air he was singing?" "That's the Death of Nelson," promptly replied the owner of the tenor note. "Ay, mon," was the response, "ye've gien him an awful death!" This may or may not be strictly so, but it sounds true.

While dining at his son-in-law's one evening, it was noticed that Pasteur dipped his cherries in his glass of water, and then carefully wiped them before eating them. As this caused some amusement, he held forth at length on the dan-

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gers of the microbes with which the cherries were covered. Then he leaned back in his chair, wiped his forehead and unconsciously picked up his glass, drank off the contents, microbes and all.

The Sirdar is a cool hand; in fact, the British think him ultra-professional, cold and calculating. He is not a lady's man, that's certain. Social gatherings in Cairo are notable for his absence. At the few soirees that he has attended at the Viceroy's, he has only bowed and shaken hands. A countess who had a *tete-a-tete* with him once, said that he asked her: "Do you find Cairo nice at this season of the year?" "Delightful," she replied. After five minutes' silence, Kitchener tugged his moustache and said, "Ah, I am glad!"

Fritz Williams, the actor, was sitting one evening in a New York *cafe*, when two very young men came in. They beckoned condescendingly to a waiter. "Waiter," said the one, "bring me a chop. Mind it's just right, now. Just mention my name to the cook." "You may bring me a steak," said the other just as grandly, "and tell the cook who it's for." The waiter was half-way across the room, which was crowded, when Fritz Williams hailed him. "Waiter," he drawled, "bring me half a dozen Blue Points, and mention my name to every darned oyster."

Chang Yen Hoon, former Minister from China at Washington, has had his head in danger of separation from his shoulders because of his association with the "Evil Conspirator," Kang Yu Wei. Mr. Chang and an eminent Smithsonian scientist were once discussing the advantages of China over the United States. Finally Mr. Chang said, "We have a larger population." "I cannot see the advantage of that," the other responded, "if you cannot feed them. Think, too, how such overcrowding breeds ill-health. Why, you have the leprosy in China!" "But you— you—" returned the Minister jubilantly, "you have the newspapers in the United States!"

Here is a funny little anecdote about Mr. Rhodes. He has never been noted for excessive modesty, and it is asserted that the only man who ever got even with him in the matter of personalities was a little German clerk in the Government office at Johannesburg. Rhodes had to stand in line, and he didn't like it. He had not been used to standing in line in South Africa or anywhere else. "Please attend to me at once," he said. "I can't wait." "When your turn comes, mister," mumbled the clerk. "Confound you, sir; don't you know who I am? I'm Rhodes." "Oh, yes, I knew that, but that didn't worry me," was the unflinching reply. "If you were in Cape Town I'd have you discharged in a minute," roared Mr. Rhodes. "Yes, I have heard that they discharged people in Cape Town for doing their duty," answered the clerk; "but we ain't in Cape Town; this is a republic!"

Here is a true prohibition story for Sir Wilfrid Lawson, says the *London Outlook*. A well known Winnipeg gentleman was dining at Regina one night with the Lieut.-Governor of the North-West Territories, then a strictly prohibition district, as far as laws could make it. In the middle of dinner—to the surprise of his guest—the Lieut.-Governor produced from a cupboard a large, handsomely-bound book labelled "Holy Bible" in gilt letters. "Grace during the guest of before meat," thought the guest; "a queer notion, but we're in prairie wilds." And yet the grave and reverend governor was unscrewing a little cap carefully concealed in the cover of the Bible, and—yes! it flowed whiskey in abundance. The Bible, in fact, was hollow, and lined with tin. It had been captured that day from an enterprising bookseller, whose trade was advancing by leaps and bounds.

After Lee had taken Harper's Ferry, the President determined to fix the responsibility for the loss of the important position. Halleck was summoned, but did not know where the blame lay. "Very well," said Lincoln. "I'll ask General Schenck." The latter could throw no light upon the question. Milroy was the next to enter a plea of "not guilty." Hooker made a very emphatic disclaimer of all responsibility. Then the President assembled the four generals in his room, and said to them: "Gentlemen, Harper's Ferry was surrendered, and none of you, it seems, is responsible. I am very anxious to discover the man who is." After striding across the room several times, the President suddenly threw up his bowed head and exclaimed: "I have it! I know who is responsible." "Who, Mr. President, who is it?" asked the distinguished quartette. "Gentlemen," said the President, with a meaning twinkle in his eye, "General Lee is the man."

First Professor—Isn't it strange about old Dr. Hardbee; he has taken to going to all the dances and afternoon teas in town. Do you suppose his mind can be affected? Second Professor—Oh, no; he is gathering material for his new work, *Do Women Really Reason?*—*Bazar*.

Two Warnings.
Losing flesh is one and a hacking cough is another. If they come together the warning is a loud and hard one. Scott's Emulsion does some of its best work in just these cases. It prevents consumption.

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One of My Inspirations.

Holiday Anticipations. In Two Rooms.

"INSPIRATION is the thing the world needs!" said a woman in her speech the other day, and all the women rolled up their eyes and prayed for inspiration. It would have been just as sensible had they prayed for bread as they sat down to a loaded table to feast. The common daily life of you and me is full of inspirations if we have sense enough to respond to them. For instance, there is nothing more depressing, if one takes no inspiration from it, than what is known as a "sick visit," when one goes carefully and with modulated voice to sit a while with some one whom the claims of duty or the rosy ribbons of love bind to us and to whom our service and time belong. I have a sick visit to which I go very thankfully, and from which I return very humbly, but I cannot for the life of me feel aught than raised and strengthened and uplifted after it. No one drivels of fate and resignation on this sick visit. We all know it is foolish to dwell upon hard tasks, and we put on the bright side of our faces, and smile and chat and take comfort as if no such thing as pain and sickness and shadows, falling lengthened as they should not by rights do until late evening, made afternoon dim and uncertain. We are brave, during that sick visit, with the courage of strong unselfishness and the knowledge that though conditions change (and God knows that is no hardship sometimes) life goes on—and on. You see, we are not of those illogical and pious folks who avow in one breath their belief in life everlasting and bewail in the next the death of those they love. We have got that idea of life so large and absorbing that the other, of death, hasn't a corner to glow in. And for this and several other causes, the contemplation of strength, not in action nor repose, but simply in courageous endurance of the inevitable, the beauty of good cheer and interest in others, by a nature incapable of self-pity and selfishness—these inspirations fill me, as I come thoughtfully from the bedside of the dear and brave friend who unconsciously gives them forth.

I hope next week to tell you of several interesting things I am going to investigate in the big town of Gotham. There are lectures upon things that give us wrinkles (those little deep tight wrinkles tell tales of the soul's unrest), and soft-voiced teachings of the deep and serious things of life that one hears so little about in matter-of-fact Toronto, where, if one mentions psychic matters at all, one is apt to be greeted with that little laugh, half amusement and half scorn, which goes with the drawled query, "Oh, are you a spiritualist?" To many a careless creature, the word "psychic" suggests only the vulgarities of table-turning, messages from defunct forefathers, or mysterious writings on scraps of paper, done by some agency or force which needs explanation. Naturally, when one is thinking of very deep and potent things which will sway us and endure after the bodies we love so well have scattered to the four winds, after gold has ceased to buy us luxury, and luxury has ceased to please us, it is a jar to one to be reminded of table-turning matters. One of the things I look forward to when I set out for Gotham is the soft-toned Oriental voice that teaches of mysteries, and soothes the restless soul with big and peaceful thoughts. And there is a bright hour with Cyrano de Bergerac, whose apt wit and dainty fancy have charmed me to read, and sweet Margaret Anglin, who is such a delightful Roxane. I shall go and enjoy them and say a quiet little hurrah for Toronto that sent out such a sweet and clever maid, and I shall tell you about her next week, if so be I win through safely on the four tracks of the great railway, where accidents don't often happen.

I wonder how many of my readers would like to find out what it is like to live in two rooms, as, since the frantic exodus of which I told you, I have been doing. In the first week I think I spent four hours of each day, at least, in looking for things. One shoe would disappear and have proved itself perverse enough to tumble into a band-box, or a slipper would drop calmly to a bath in the water-er, or a brush would slide down behind a divan and lie *perdu* while I went about half-combed for ten minutes seeking it. As for the keys, I lost them regularly three times a day, and always locked myself out when I was hunting for them. Noise was the main trouble at first, but what adaptable mortals we be! In a fortnight newboys and trolleys and fire alarms rattled and clattered without my knowing of them, and in a month a visit

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from the fire brigade to the very abode in which I have made my nest not only did not affright, but even failed to awaken me. In my high-up home my only neighbors are four slate-colored pigeons with red feet and bills, and they come early in the morning to call and eat the crumbs I put for them on the broad stone window-sills. I wish you could have seen their greasy faces the other Sunday when the cover blew off my Jersey butter-box! I suppose at one time there may have been cats about, for the flat roof of an adjacent building is strewn with boots, and they all look as if they had been shied with vigor. Puss in Boots naturally occurs to one, and I expect to see the Marquis of Carabas gallivanting there some fine night. But we are up above the flat roof and the cat parade, with a great stretch of glass for the morning sun to blaze through, and the old spire of St. James' with its clock to tell and its chimies to remind one of the flight of the shortening days. Within, when the crimson curtains are drawn, and the gas lighted and shining through cordial red globes, and the Irish maiden to play Chopin, and the traveler to spin yarns, and the queer contrivances for small refectory, and the snugness and the cosiness of it all, one wonders at and pities the poor householders who have furnaces to look to, and snow to shovel off, and doorbells for peddlers to ring, and all the worry and trouble of a house. Once it seemed to me that life would be very crowded in two rooms, but I was mistaken, and though sometimes I may find things a bit mixed, and long for more hooks and cupboards, I cannot forget the joyous triumph of stealing hanging room for short things here, and folding room for long things there, and all the planning and plotting one must do to fit oneself into two rooms, and the magic one must invoke to bring the home atmosphere about the strait and unfamiliar place. And then, there isn't a folding-bed at all events! There isn't any single thing that is anything but just what it looks. The Davenport doesn't open up into a washing-stand nor the piano stool hold my best bonnet; there is no stuffy snuff about the gracious springy divan that betrays the suspicion of a spread-out into a sleeping-couch; none of the chairs have slipper holders fastened on their backs, nor does a duster fold itself discreetly under their cushions. Even the suggestion of an architect that a cosy corner might conceal a set of shelves for odds and ends was frowned down. It would never do to have some absent-minded friend lean back in that cosy-corner and be deluged with milk or mixed pickles, or perhaps impale herself on the playful carving-fork, or bring the chafing-dish down on her devoted head. No hidden cupboards endanger the cosy-corner, nor makeshifts lurk to entrap the unwary. The Irish maiden says she will come and play me all she knows; the achiever of adventures is pledged to tell us stories at stated intervals; the best girl I know says she loves the little ranch, and indeed, so do I.

LADY GAY.

Books and Shop Talk.

EVERY man has some one joke for which he has an unending fondness. Usually, it is a miserably weak and crippled joke, and for that very reason he loves it all the more. I once knew a man (wrote W. L. Alden in *The Idler*) who was attached to an American newspaper in the capacity of leader-writer. In those days every leader had its title, which of course was expected to indicate its subject. Now my friend was a serious Scotchman, full of statistics and mighty in figures, but he had one solitary little joke. He thought it would be an intensely humorous thing to write a somewhat frivolous article on, say, the prevalence of murder in the Western States, or the seven points of Calvinism, and to entitle it *Tariff Reform*. "Ye'll admit," he said, "that it would make a cast-iron dog laugh to read the article, and then to discover that it had naething on earth to do with tariff reform." At least twice a year my friend tried to carry his joke into execution, but the editor either suppressed the article or changed its title, and my friend went to his grave without once seeing his beloved joke in print. I saw him for the last time about a month before he died of a lingering illness, and he said, "I do wish you would some day work out that joke of mine."

Two of the English magazines devote space to the Canadian Parliament and public men this month. Mr. Frederick Dolman in *Cassell's*, in his *Parliaments of the Empire* series, discusses the Ottawa Parliament Buildings, which he says might almost be called a replica of St. Stephen's. In the *Windsor Magazine* Mr. James Ramsay writes of The Canadian Empire Builders of To-day. His notes on the leaders of the two parties are interesting. Of Sir Wilfrid Laurier he says:

In office he has proved himself to be an acute diplomatist. He has had an extra share of sheer good luck, as few Canadian premiers have had a Jubilee to attend, or their negotiations with the United States made harmonious by an American-Spanish war. But when the luck is allowed for, Sir Wilfrid's success must still be attributed mainly to his remarkable charm of personality, his silvery tongue, and his splendid courage.

Of Sir Charles Tupper this:
Sir Charles' portly aspect and combative manner make him the lion of the Ottawa Parliament. There is no better sport to be had in the Dominion House of Commons than to listen to a grand attack and defence between the heavy artillery of Sir Charles Tupper and the light, but deadly guns of Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

The Castle Inn is a new historical romance by Stanley J. Weyman, dealing with the times of George III. A famous old hostelry at Marlborough is the center of action, and here the reader meets all the leading characters of the story, including Pitt and Dr. Addington. The story abounds in exciting incidents, most noteworthy among them being the abduction of Julia and the pursuit, the success of which, ever imminent and ever elusive,

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One fragment of dialogue in Mr. Harold Frederic's posthumous novel, *Gloria Mundi*, will certainly not escape the notice of the colonial reader:

"Dikey recklessly threw out his hands. 'Oh, I can't stand this darkness of yours,' he declared. 'You put it on too thick. I know Gus Torr, and I know as much as I want to of Tom Bailey, and I know they're no good, and you know it too—although I don't say they mayn't get on in the colonies. God knows what won't get on there!'"

Peggy of the Bartons, by B. M. Croker, has just been published by the Toronto News Co., Limited; paper 75 cents.

Black Rock, a Tale of the Selkirk, by Ralph Connor, has just been published by the Westminster Co., Limited, Toronto. It is an intensely interesting series of pictures of life in Western Canada.

One of the most fascinating stories of the year is *The Adventures of Francois*, by S. Weir Mitchell, a story of France during the "Terror." Francois is a delightful vagabond, whose nerve carries him safely through many tight places. It is published by the Copp, Clark Co., Limited. The same publishers have brought out *John Splendid*, by Neil Munro, a new writer who gives us real insight into Highland character. Many writers have of late given us Highlanders all of one pattern—like stately Irishmen—and none of them real creatures at all. But Munro's Highlanders are alive. Much more will certainly be heard of Neil Munro. These books are in cloth, \$1.25; paper, 75c.

Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon MUST accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons are not studied.

BUFFALO CORRESPONDENT.—You addressed your very interesting personal item to this column, consequently it was not inserted when sent, as I have just opened your letter. So sorry, for many would have been interested.

MARGOT.—Tell the truth and shame the devil, Margot! You are impulsive, rather self-centered, very decided, most practical, not particularly refined, dashing and hasty, experiences. You speak unadvisedly with your tongue and lack sympathy and tact. As you are strong, be merciful.

CECIL.—It is really "as soon as possible." Yours is the only settled character in the whole group, and it is quite a finished study. Emphatic utterance, concentration and decision, practical but very receptive nature, determined opinions, essentially feminine traits, but masculine grasp and very businesslike methods. Logical and terse ideas and a good eye for the main chance distinguish you.

PANI SKITSITSKI.—Refined feeling, graceful expression and sympathy are marked. You are a bit of a pessimist, more likely to find fault with than try to change existing conditions. Bright imagination, speculative thought, a neat concise grasp, impulsive conclusions, some tenacity, culture, and many bright turns of fancy are yours. It is the study of a writer who should be a figure not ever omitted from life's sum.

EGGIE.—I am sorry you didn't wait until the best would allow of more exertion. Your study is very meagre. One sentence and no capital, but those incidental to the greeting you gave me. You are fond of a front seat. I knew, without looking, that you addressed the envelope full of youngsters who came with you. You are often the leader in other inquiries too, are you not? Easy temper, emphatic utterance, generally well able to take care of number one, light will but great tenacity; you don't give up till you have; to cheerful and rather optimistic nature, and a loyal devotion to your friends. Not such a bad egg after all.

Direct from the Growers to Consumers.
A Pure Tea is a tonic to the nerves. On days when raw, icy winds almost reach the marrow in your bones, try a cup of MONSOON TEA before you go out in the cold. Its sustaining qualities protect you from chills and fatigue, and strengthen and comfort the nerves.

Monsoon
Indo Ceylon TEA In lead packets only, never in bulk. At grocers—25c, 30c, 40c, 50c, and 60c.

ADAMS' Tutti-Frutti
AIDS DIGESTION.
FREE. A variety of very handsome and useful presents are sent free for the return of sale of coupons from Tutti-Frutti Gum. Get one.

"Where Ignorance Is Bliss"
It's foolish to buy Windsor Salt, but if you study the salt question you will easily see why it's folly to remain ignorant when buying salt. Windsor Salt is an absolutely pure, dry, refined, crystallized table salt, and is sold at the same price as inferior salt.

The Windsor Salt Co. Limited
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Tom from Green's
Trycophena treatments for the head and hair as given exclusively here will stop hair falling out in
FOUR DAYS
We examine heads and hair free of charge. We make Wigs, Ladies' Fronts, Switches, and all kinds of hair work to order.
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OF ST. CATHARINES
For Rheumatism, Gout, Neuralgia, Sciatica and allied diseases. For Scrofula and Nervous Affections and Impurities of Blood. Endorsed by Hare's System of Therapeutics and Allbutt's System of Medicine. Experienced physicians and attendants in Massage Treatment, Porcelain Baths, Elevator, Hot Water Heating. Apply for circular to MALCOLMSON BROS., The Welland, St. Catharines. Open the year around.

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FOR THE Languid & Weary

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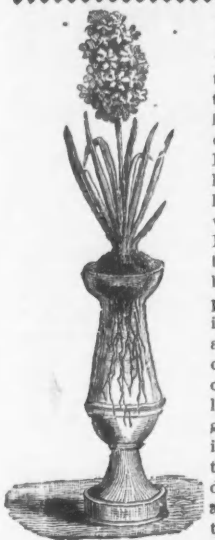
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Studio and Gallery



To the initiated this speaks volumes. She has made painting a life study—in Philadelphia, in Madrid (from which place she contributed several interesting articles to a local magazine), and notably in Paris—so that when she undertakes to express

J. W. L. FORSTER
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Studio—90 Yonge Street.
Miniatures, Water Color and Ink Portraits.

MISS EDITH HEMMING
MINIATURE PAINTER
has removed her studio to
382 Church Street, Toronto.

PAINTINGS that have been roughly used or have been damaged by heat or other causes artistically retouched and renovated by a skilled artist. Highest recommendations furnished. Call on or write
F. BEALE, Artist, 207 Jarvis St.

In Anticipation of Christmas

We have Photo Frames in great variety. We supply frames already decorated or for painting, which ladies with a taste for decorative work can make into the most exquisite little gifts, combining the charm of personality.

Shaded Metal Placques ...and Panels for Painting

These have entirely superseded papier-mache and porcelain plaques, are much more artistic, practically indestructible and lend themselves readily to artistic treatment.

Calendars for Hand Decoration

also in endless variety, and all the parts for easy making of same for those who prefer giving their own work. Also materials for Fancy Blotters, Telephone Cards, etc. We have Color Boxes, Painting Books, Crayon and Pastel Outfits, etc., for juvenile artistic aspirants. In fact, in this season's stock we have tried to cater for every commendable and progressive ambition in the line of art. In no other art store on the continent can a wider variety be obtained, and positively in no other store anywhere are prices so low as here. We keep everything for Water Color Drawing, Painting in Oils, China Painting, Pastel Painting, Miniature Painting, Charcoal, Crayon and Pen and Ink Drawing, Pyrography or Burnt Wood Etching, etc. We also sell Modeling Tools, Mathematical Instruments, Draftsmen's and Architects' Supplies—in fact, the best and most up-to-date things in all these lines.

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131 and 133 Yonge Street, and
1, 3, 5, 7 and 9 Toronto Arcade
TORONTO
Entrance, 133 Yonge Street Telephone 2124

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during the week to examine the beautiful examples of photography under the "New Art Light" went away feeling convinced that there is more art in Photography than they ever supposed. Call at

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In all sizes and styles. We also have a very choice selection of

Views of the Principal Buildings and Points of Interest in Toronto

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HOUSEHOLD HELPS
While we devote a great deal of thought and care to the artistic requirements of our friends, we do not forget the practical household needs. This week we wish to introduce two articles of sterling value, viz.:
JOHNSON'S FLOOR WAX
for polishing all hard wood floors. The E. Harris Company's justly celebrated
FURNITURE POLISH
used for many years by our leading families and hotels and highly recommended.

THE E. HARRIS CO., Limited
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Photo Buttons

They are the new fad and we are making them. The fashion is to exchange them with your friends. We make them plain or colored and mounted on a velvet shield. They look very pretty. Call and see them.

Also our Pastel Photos

Everything first-class.

The HIGH GRADE ART STUDIO

114 King Street West

herself on art she is fully entitled to a hearing.

To one reviewing local art constantly comes the abnormal development of certain faculties. In the effort to maintain an ideal conception of art matters in this new land, among the other artistic effects produced on the writer is that of a pictorial conscience. But in speaking most favorably of the work of Mrs. Reid we are not called upon to exercise this pictorial quality. Her art reputation requires no bolstering, nor her work any smudging with taffy to render it acceptable. Her exhibition is most artistic both as to arrangement, to framing, subjects and technique.

There has purposely been a holding back in the number of the paintings in order to admit of a harmonious and restful effect. In most of our exhibitions the idea of quantity predominates, where one color and subject "swears" at its neighbor, and the whole is a weariness to the flesh of the observer. Then the framing. How tired we all are of the square-cornered gilt frame into which every kind of subject is thrust alike, whether having any reference to the frame or not.

Mrs. Reid has made original and pleasing departures in both these cases. The subjects are flowers, landscapes and interiors.

The most important flower pieces are two panels of roses, one in a scheme of color of pinks and blues, the other in yellows and grays. The fullest suggestion of the flowers is rendered in a manner possible only to a mature artist—without rigidity of drawing. We have shown to us wax roses and paper roses, and brass and marble roses in paint; but how few can give life and expression! In composition these are excellent and testify amply to the knowledge of light and shade, color values, arrangement, and all the essentials of good composition. Of two pieces, daisies, white uncultivated and yellow cultivated, one is white and blue with a warm touch of pinky-brown as a foundation; the other is in yellows and greens. A line of gilt outlines the margin of the latter, successfully separating the black frame from it and throwing it out delightfully. One of the most striking pieces is a group of dark red carnations having a similar outline of gold mat in a frame of green. It has been whispered to me, *sub rosa*, by one who has seen this, that the Toronto public is not artistic enough to appreciate this thing of beauty. So are the dear public slandered at times. The intensity, the mystery, the reserve force of this piece, the harmonious coloring, the added charm of individuality in the frame, pronounce it a true art work.

Many smaller pieces have all artistic merit. Quite a collection of pansies are on view. These semi-human flowers, with their richness and variety of coloring, and scope for freedom and grace of treatment, are quite understood and appreciated by Mrs. Reid. Those who value landscapes with minuteness of detail and realistic reproductions of objects, and those who prefer story pictures, will not enjoy the landscapes in this collection. Those who are susceptible to the tenderest moods of nature, who observe nature closely and are in constant sympathy with her infinite methods of expression in her different seasons, will find charm and truthfulness in them. They are Mrs. Reid's experiences of communion with nature, and barren is the soul which knows little of such experiences.

Moonrise is perhaps the most important piece. The warm subdued glow of the sun yet flushes the sky and gives color delicate, almost imperceptible. No weird shadows of the coming moon are yet cast. All is peace and harmony and love. A Cornfield is also charming. The interiors are delightful groupings of artistic objects and massing of rich variegated color. One is the interior of a Parisian studio painted by Mrs. Reid while in Paris. Much harmonious color and restfulness is distinguishable in the Fireside, where a glorified skillet hangs on the wall and that repository of feminine inspiration, a teakettle, glows invitingly. A study of a Moorish Bridge is also full of interest. The paintings will be on view for a week at least. Every lady interested in the progress of her sex as well as interested in art, and who loves flowers, should certainly go.

Jones—We killed a cow last week and found a quarter in it. Brown—Oh, that's nothing. I saw four quarters in a dead cow the other day.
A church in Bergen, Norway, is constructed entirely from compressed paper. This is extraordinary, but, as the Idiot says, a great many churches in this country have been built from promissory notes.—*Bazar*.

"Oh, John, send for the doctor! Baby has swallowed that counterfeit dollar you gave him!" cried Mrs. Wiggins. "Non-sense," replied Wiggins. "I'm not going to send good money after bad."—*Bazar*.

THE BANE OF BUSINESS MEN.
Is Dyspepsia, Which Ruins the Brightest Intellectuals.

Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets Remove This Curse by Banishing Its Cause—Their Action is Speedy, Their Effect Positive and Permanent.

Dyspepsia is the blighting curse of the modern business world. Nine-tenths of the members of all the professions, too, are victims of this modern dragon. The shrewdest, most far-seeing merchants, the most astute brokers, the cleverest lawyers, the most eloquent clergymen, and even the most skillful surgeons and physicians are tortured by Dyspepsia. Many a bankrupt can blame Dyspepsia for his failure; many a sermon has been spoiled; many a lawyer has lost his case—because of Dyspepsia.

How the Candidate Won.

Washington Star.

"TIMES," said Senator Sorghum reflectively, "ain't anything like they used to be. We're getting to where the first thing that's done when a good old-fashioned impulse asserts itself is to kill it with red tape." "You think we are getting slightly effete?" enquired the political student. "Undoubtedly. And the worst of it is, that we are getting effete-er and effete-er. I'll never forget the first time I ran for office," he went on in a dreamily reminiscent tone. "There was one township that was dead against us. And we needed it. And we got it. But we didn't send around a lot of clumsy agents, nor did we resort to any methods of surreptitious persuasion."

"How did you manage it?" "Delicately, but thoroughly. We were a little bit annoyed at first by the fact that a circus had arranged to show at the village on the day election occurred. It was only a small circus, but big enough to make trouble unless we headed off its deadly influence. "Its arrival was a temptation for everybody to come to town and vote, and the more votes there were the more trouble our ticket had to overcome. However, I didn't despair. When the crowd began to gather, it found canvas walls stretching from the main entrance to the polls. People who went to make purchases at the ticket wagon were informed that Socrates Sorghum, Esq., was giving a theater party that day, and that there was only room in the tent for his guests."

"When the precious voters began to assemble at the polls, I informed them that each of our ballots had a coupon which would be stamped by a man who stood just outside, where he could see that the holder had not been deceived into voting a wrong piece of paper, and which would admit the bearer and his family to the circus."

"Did it work?" "Work! Several of the men on the rival ticket voted for us rather than miss the circus. But you couldn't do anything like that now," he added with a sigh. "Circuses have got so big that nobody could afford to hire one. Anyhow, everything is getting sort of complex and undemocratic."

To My Cigarette.

Punch.
"Tis a dainty fascinating
Little pet,
Quite deserving this ornating
Epithet:
Always welcome when you're waiting.
It is seldom satiating,
And it never, hardly ever,
Brings regret.
'Tis a joy and consolation
When you fret,
Carkine care and irritation
You forget.
'Tis with calm deliberation
I express my approbation,
Praise bestowing on my glowing
Cigarette."

Sauce for the Gander.

L. Marden in Illustrated American.

HE was very practical, and in order to have everything fair and square beforehand, he said:

"You know, darling, I promised my mother that my wife should be a good housekeeper and a domestic woman. Can you cook?"

"I can," she said, swallowing a great big lump in her throat.

"Can you make good bread? That is the fundamental principle of all house-keeping."

"Yes, I went into a bakery and learned how to make all kinds of bread," she added, under her breath, "Maybe."

"And can you do your own dressmaking? I am comparatively a poor man, love, and dressmakers' bill would soon bankrupt me."

"Yes," she said, frankly. "I can make everything I wear, especially pattern bonnets."

"You are a jewel," he cried, with enthusiasm, "come to my arms—"

"Wait a minute, there's no hurry," she quickly said. "It's my turn to ask a few questions. Can you saw wood and carry in coals?"

"Why, my love, I should have that work done."

"Can you make your coats, vests, trousers, and other wearing apparel?"

"But that isn't to the purpose."

"Can you build a house, dig ditches, weave carpets and—"

"I am not a professional."

"Neither am I. It has taken the most of my life to acquire the education and accomplishments that attracted you to me. But as soon as I have learned all the professions you speak of I will send you my card. *Au revoir*," and she swept away. And the disconsolate young man went

to the nearest cigar store and bought a cheap cigar, with which he speedily solaced himself.

EMPEROR MAY LIVE

Though His Physician Pronounces His Disease Incurable.

Bright's Disease is Not Incurable, for Dodd's Kidney Pills Have Cured It Thousands of Times, and Will Cure It Thousands of Times Again.

TORONTO, November 14.—Newspaper despatches from Peking, China, bring information to the effect that the Emperor is dying of Bright's Disease. He is under the care of a famous French physician, who asserts that the Emperor's complaint is "an incurable Kidney disease." That is where the famous French physician is mistaken. There is no incurable Kidney disease. Every disease of the Kidneys is curable. They, like all other diseases, yield readily to the proper remedies.

The experience of the past eight years has shown conclusively, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that there is one remedy that will cure any case of Kidney disease, no matter how severe, no matter how long it has run. This remedy is known throughout the English-speaking world, to physicians and laymen alike, by the name of Dodd's KIDNEY PILLS. When Dodd's Kidney Pills were first introduced, medical men were sceptical regarding their power to cure Bright's Disease. Experiments were made, in cases that had defied the skill of the most eminent medical men on the American continent, cases that had been given up as hopeless—fatal. To the astonishment of the medical men, Dodd's Kidney Pills worked a complete cure in each and every case. Thenceforth they were recognized as the only known cure for diseases of the Kidneys, including Bright's Disease and Diabetes. This place they have held since, and hold to-day. No other cure for these diseases has ever been discovered, although many worthless imitations of Dodd's Kidney Pills have been placed on the market. If the famous French physician, under whose care the Chinese Emperor is, would use Dodd's Kidney Pills in the case of his Imperial patient, his recovery would be rapid and certain.

The Women Great Men Marry.

Byron married Miss Millbank to get money to pay his debts. It turned out a bad shift.

Robert Burns married a farm girl, with whom he fell in love while they worked together in the plow-field.

Milton married the daughter of a country squire. He was an austere recluse, while she was a rosy, romping country lass that could not endure the restraint imposed upon her; so they separated. Subsequently, however, she returned, and they lived tolerably happy together.

Queen Victoria and Prince Albert were cousins, and about the only examples in the long life of English monarchs wherein sincere affection existed.

Shakespeare loved and wedded a farmer's daughter.

Washington married a woman with two children. It is enough to say that she was worthy of him, and they lived as married folks should—in perfect harmony.

John Adams married the daughter of a Presbyterian clergyman. Her father objected on account of John being a lawyer—he had a bad opinion of the morals of the profession.

John Howard, the great philanthropist, married his nurse. She was altogether beneath him in social life and intellectual capacity, and besides this was fifty-two years old, while he was twenty-five. He would not take "No" for an answer, and they were married and lived happily together until she died, which occurred two years afterward.

Peter the Great of Russia married a peasant girl. She made an excellent wife and a sagacious Empress.

Humboldt married a poor girl because he loved her. Of course they were happy.

Edward Lytton Bulwer, the English statesman and novelist, married a girl much his inferior in position, and got a shrew for a wife. Of course he was unhappy.

The Beautiful Woman.

T. W. H. Crosland, in The Dome.

In Samothrace there lived a woman who was passing beautiful. And many brave men came to woo her, but she denied them all. And one, bolder than the rest, enquired of her if she took no thought of the time when her beauty should fade and vanish away.

And she answered him, saying, "That is just the reason why I will not trust myself with any of you."

Who is Your Butcher?

It matters little if you use...

Lea & Perrins' Sauce

AGENTS
J. M. Douglas & Co.
MONTREAL

The Celebrated India Pale Ale and Stout of John Labatt

can be purchased from all dealers in Wines and Liquors at the SAME PRICE AS OTHER DOMESTIC ALES.

When ordering, specify "LABATT'S," and insist on having what you order.

BIAS VELVETEEN S.H. & M. SKIRT BINDING

A Fitting Finish to A Fetching Gown

because it looks well, wears well and costs but a trifle more per skirt length than inferior bindings. Ask for the S. H. & M. Redfern brand Bias Corded Velvet, and be sure that the letters S. H. & M. are on the back of every yard.

If your dealer will not supply you, we will.

THE S. H. & M. CO., 24 Front Street W., Toronto, Ont.

Like a Duck's Back

—unwettable, is that soft, pliable porous, cool, stylish woollen Dress Goods—Cravenette.

Nothing in its appearance indicates its water-shedding, mud-resisting nature.

Tis entirely odorless. Is not a rubber cloth. Suitable for any weather—wet or dry.

Two weights—light and medium. Six colors—Navy, Myrtle, Brown, Grey, Castor and Black.

Sold at all dealers.

ASK TO SEE IT.

Cravenette

The Rain-proof Dress Goods.

SUBSTITUTION THE FRAUD OF THE DAY

See you get Carter's. Ask for Carter's. Insist and demand

CARTER'S Little Liver Pills

The only perfect Liver Pill. Take no other, even if solicited to do so. Beware of imitations of same colored wrapper—RED.

BE SURE THEY ARE CARTER'S

DON'T SHOVEL YOUR DOLLARS

into your stoves without getting good results. Can't get good results from poor COAL.

That's sure. If you come to us you will get the very best coal in the market. It's perfectly screened. It's free from all coal impurities, burns up to fine ashes. Prices fluctuate. So you had better buy now while they're low. We deliver anywhere in the city promptly. Shall we book your order?

P. BURNS & CO., 38 King St. East

PREMIER BREWERY OF CANADA

One of the most complete breweries on the continent. Capacity, 165,000 barrels annually. Equipped with the most modern plant, including a De La Vergne Refrigerating Machine, 75 H. P., with water tower in connection; a 35 H. P. electric dynamo for lighting brewery and running several motors; a large water filter—capacity, 2,000 gallons per hour, through which water, after passing, is absolutely pure and is used in all brewing. Our improved facilities enable us to guarantee our products.

European and American experts have pronounced our establishment and products equal to the best in their respective countries. Large Malt House and Storage in connection.

The O'Keefe Brewery Co.
OF TORONTO, Limited

There is a happy mean in everything. It is said that a shrewd old lady heard her married daughter say: "If my husband doesn't do such and such a thing, he'll find himself in hot water." "My child," said the old lady, "a man is like an egg. Kept in hot water a little while he may boil soft; but keep him there long, and he hardens!"

GOLD MEDAL, Health Exhibition, London.

BENGER'S FOOD

For INFANTS, INVALIDS, and the AGED.

This delicious and highly nutritive Food has been used with remarkable success in the rearing of infants, and by delicate and aged persons in England for many years. It can now be obtained in sealed tins of leading Chemists, &c., in the Colonies, and will prove a boon to mothers and nurses.

BENGER'S FOOD is sold in various sized Tins by Chemists, &c., everywhere.

Wholesale of Leading Importers, or of Evans & Sons, Ltd., Montreal and Toronto.

PROF. O'BRIEN
Canada's greatest and Toronto's leading Phrenologist and first and (only) scientific palmist in the city. Large reception rooms and private office at his residence, 401 Jarvis. Patronized by the nobility and gentry from every part of the world. Open till 10 p.m.

Talk is Cheap

SO IS OUR \$3.00 Ladies' Shoe

To see them is to want a pair. Better at \$3.50 and \$4.00.

H. & C. BLACHFORD
114 Yonge St.

WE have a NEW MACHINE for doing up Chintz

The latest material for Curtains, Loose Cover, etc.

SMITH'S TORONTO DYE WORKS
Tel. 2471 106 KING ST. WEST



MUSIC

In last week's issue reference was made to a "College of Pianists," which is owned chiefly by a plumber, paid up capital £17 10s.; a "College of Violinists," the property of a piano dealer and his family; a "College of Mandolinists" and an "Incorporated Staff Notation College," all of which have recently entered into the certificate-buckstering business, thus augmenting by four the innumerable concerns which are thriving on the credulity of a long-suffering public across the Atlantic. London *Truth* of October 27 refers to several additional schemes which have since embarked in the musical examination business, namely, a "College" in Sheffield, the "National College of Music Corporation, Limited," and the "Victoria College of Music," London, of which last mentioned concern "Dr. Lewis is manager and the Marquis of Lorne is advertised as president." "Dr. Lewis, it will be remembered by readers of SATURDAY NIGHT, is the individual who was, a couple of years ago, connected with "Dr. Diamond of Leavenworth in the so-called "University of Church Musicians" of Kansas, which institution occupied premises in the grip-sack of "Dr. Diamond, and which did business in England, and the United States as a Mus. Doc. degree dispensing concern. Through the exposure of the methods and aims of this fake "University" by SATURDAY NIGHT, the efforts which were at that time made to dispose of its Mus. Doc. degree dispensing concern. Through the exposure of the methods and aims of this fake "University" by SATURDAY NIGHT, the efforts which were at that time made to dispose of its Mus. Doc. degree dispensing concern. Through the exposure of the methods and aims of this fake "University" by SATURDAY NIGHT, the efforts which were at that time made to dispose of its Mus. Doc. degree dispensing concern.

Appropos of musical examinations in general, but more particularly of the proposed new "residence" regulations which are to govern examinations in music at Oxford and Cambridge for the degrees of Mus. Doc. and Mus. Bac., the following satire on the subject, taken from the *Musical News*, will be of interest. The heading of the "poem" intimates that "It did not gain a prize at Oxford":

A certain Junior Proctor met Beethoven
In the street,
And they entered on a lengthy conversation.
Said Beethoven to the Proctor, "I am
very glad to meet
You, to talk about your new examination."

Said the Proctor to Beethoven, "Why,
you surely do not dream
Of entering yourself for that exam.,
If what I hear is true, you're quite as
clever as you seem.
But—you're poor" (at this Beethoven
muttered "—").

"You're right, I'm very poor, but, Proctor,
don't you think
My music good enough for your degree?"
The wily Proctor smiled, and with an artful
little wink
Said, "Beethoven, that exam. is not for
thee."

"Nor yet for my profession," said Beethoven
to the Proctor;
"But for amateurs with money—that I
see;
In future all musicians wanting to be
made Mus. Doc.
Will go somewhere else, be sure, for
their degree."

"Your Varsity Professor soon will have
no work to do,
And, when that time comes, please remember me.
So, Proctor, change your tack in time, or
else the day you'll rue
When your musical exams. are all UP."

The good work now being done by the Hamilton Conservatory of Music, of which Dr. C. L. M. Harris is the director, was illustrated in a concert which was given by the faculty in St. Paul's school-room, Hamilton, on Thursday evening of last week. The programme was an excellent one, and included among other numbers, Mendelssohn's Capriccio for piano and orchestra, in which Dr. Harris played the piano part. Schubert's Allegro Moderato, op. 125, No. 1, for string quartette, and two shorter quartettes by Haydn and Schubert were also contributed, the performers being Messrs. Ostler, J. Bartmann, Harris and E. Bartmann. Mr. W. Francis Firth, the well known baritone and vocal teacher; Miss Spring, violinist; Mr. D. Anderson, flautist; Mr. Ostler, violinist; Mr. Martin Cleworth, elocutionist; Mr. G. H. Ozburn and several of his pupils also took part and added much to the success of the performance. The institution over which Dr. Harris presides is a credit to the Ambitious City, and furnishes further evidence, if such was needed, of the substantial basis upon which musical education in Canada is being conducted. The citizens of Hamilton appreciate the service which is being rendered by Dr. Harris in their midst, is evidenced by the large and steadily increasing attendance which the Conservatory of Music of that city enjoys.

The schoolroom of Old St. Andrew's church, corner of Jarvis and Carlton streets, was well filled on Thursday evening of last week on the occasion of the concert given by the choir of the church under the direction of the organist and choirmaster, Mr. J. Humphrey Anger. The programme included part songs by Sullivan and Saulle, Mr. Anger's Psalm of Thanksgiving, Vincent's Choral Fantasia on National Airs—a work which had not previously been heard in Toronto—and a number of vocal and instrumental solos and recitations in which Miss Queenie McCov, Miss Mary E. Waldrum, Miss Maud Gordon, Miss Frances Cassidy and Mr. A. L. E. Davies appeared. Special interest attached to the production of the Choral Fantasia, a most clever work, the composition of the brother of Dr. Charles Vincent. Mr. Anger's excellent work at Old St. Andrew's appears to be appreciated by the influential congregation worshipping there, as was evidenced by the very large numbers who turned out to attend the concert, despite most disagreeable weather. The chorus and soloists were cordially received by the audience, and the event, both musically and financially, was one of the most successful ever given in the church.

Attention is drawn to the card in another column of Senor Gonzalez, who has opened a vocal studio at Nordheimer's. Senor Gonzalez is an exponent of the pure Italian method and has had marked success as a vocal teacher and tenor soloist in several of the largest cities across the border. A Chicago paper refers to his work in that city in the following complimentary terms: "At the outbreak of the recent war Senor Gonzalez was compelled to leave Chicago. . . . This distinguished tenor received his early training in music in Barcelona and Madrid, Spain. He was a favorite pupil of the great Italian master, Francisco Filippi, one of the greatest tenors of his time, who was a pupil of the elder Lamperti. Although a young man, Senor Gonzalez has been particularly successful with his

pupils, some of them singing in public with much success." Madame Gonzalez, a pupil in piano-playing of William Mason, the eminent New York pedagogue, can also be interviewed with reference to piano instruction at Nordheimer's any day between three and four o'clock.

The people of Canada will please take notice that the examinations of the Associated Board were "inaugurated" last week by Mr. C. Lee Williams, ex-organist of Gloucester cathedral, who was sent over instead of, as we had been led to expect, Sir Arthur Sullivan or Sir Alexander Mackenzie. Mr. Williams made a microscopic hunt for candidates in Montreal, Kingston and Toronto, and succeeded, according to the daily papers, in locating a "very few" in the two Eastern cities. However, he and the honorary general representative and the various local representatives, as well as the gentleman who "works for nothing" in London, to wit our old friend, Mr. Aitken, hope for better luck next time. It is said that the first snowstorm of the season which struck the town on Thursday of last week, during Mr. Williams' stay in Toronto, was as nothing compared in chilliness to the atmosphere which surrounded the Associated Board's first examination plunge in this benighted land.

Among the young students of music who have of recent years entered the ranks of the profession and have quickly taken a prominent place because of unusually high attainments artistically, mention may be made of Miss Jessie Perry, the accomplished organist of Elm street Methodist church and teacher of the piano at Moulton Ladies' College. Miss Perry's talents as a solo pianist have won for her the unstinted praise of local music-lovers, her brilliant rendering of the Rubinstein D minor Concerto having been one of the most important features of the numerous fine recitals given in connection with the Conservatory of Music last season. Her excellent sight-reading ability and artistic temperament eminently fit her for the responsible position of accompanist, a branch of work, as will be seen by reference to her card which appears in another column, in which she is prepared to accept engagements.

The winter term of the Toronto College of Music opened on November 10 with a large increase in the number of students. A high standard of work, together with all-round musicianship, have been the strong features set forth as characteristic of the training at this school of music. Classes in the several departments are arranged as follows: For the study of ensemble playing, piano with strings, and piano with full orchestra, under Mr. Torrington; in advanced theory, under Mr. Welsman, calculated to develop talent for composition; rudiments of music and sight-singing, under Mr. Jeffers; for the study and rehearsal of plays, under Dr. H. N. Carlyle, every Thursday and Saturday evening; Ladies' Mandolin and Guitar Club, under Mr. Smedley, every Monday morning; evening classes in violin under Mr. Bayley and Miss Taylor preparatory to playing in orchestra.

The song service given at Bloor street Presbyterian church on Tuesday evening last by the efficient choir of the church, under Mrs. H. M. Blight's direction, attracted a large audience of local music-lovers, who were deeply impressed with the excellent programme presented. The singing of the choir and Mrs. Blight's faultless accompaniments are deserving of the highest praise. Special interest attached to the work of the soloists, particularly the artistic singing of Mrs. Julia Wyman of New York, whose popularity in Toronto has long since been firmly established, and of Mr. Harold Jarvis of Detroit. The service was one of the most interesting ever given in the church, and Mrs. Blight and those associated with her in the presentation of the programme are entitled to congratulation upon the success of the event.

Among the many busy musicians of the province who are doing admirable work in elevating the taste of the people in matters musical, a prominent position may fairly be accorded Mr. W. H. Dingle of Belleville. His regular organ recitals in that city are among the most important musical events of that section of country, and have become deservedly popular with the citizens of Belleville. On November 5 his first programme for this season was rendered, in which Beethoven's Suite Gothique, Widor's Fifth Symphony, Lenné's Storm Fantasia and other works were performed. Miss Katharine Ward, a contralto well known in Toronto, gold medalist of the Conservatory of Music, assisted, and the recital is spoken of by local papers as one of the best ever given in Belleville.

"Sir Hubert Parry," says the *Musical Opinion*, "to use a common expression, is evidently a man of the right sort." On the occasion of the recent Gloucester festival he filled in a very pleasant two hours' interval for the orchestra by taking them out to his country seat at Highnam Court, where he treated them in quite a royal fashion. He had a refreshment tent specially fitted up for the occasion, and he did the waiting himself! To see Sir Hubert behind the bar, serving whiskies and sodas, and fruit and cake and more whiskies and sodas, "skipping about here, there and everywhere after the requirements of the orchestra," must have been indeed a sight.

"At Christmas time," writes an English gentleman to the *Musical Opinion*, "I have heard smooch frocked laborers sing glees in the open air with admirable effect. They were all members of the choir, where frequently most ambitious anthems were performed; sometimes, when they had instruments, Handel's choruses were given with most vigorous energy. In their anxiety to give effect there was at times a want of reverence in their hasty remarks. I was told that a 'cello player, as the anthem Lift Up Your Heads was being given out, said to his

neighbor, 'Give I the rosin, Bill: I'll soon let'n know who's th' King o' Glee!'"

The concert given in Association Hall on Thursday evening of last week by Mr. J. Edward Fisher proved a thoroughly enjoyable event and deserved a much larger audience than was present. Mr. Fisher had associated with him a number of our most talented local performers, and the occasion afforded an opportunity for the organizer of the concert to demonstrate his efficiency as an accompanist, in which capacity he officiated during the evening.

The choir of the Central Presbyterian church, under the direction of Mr. V. P. Hunt, have prepared a very interesting programme for their service of praise to be held in the church, corner of Grosvenor and St. Vincent streets, on Monday evening, November 21. The assisting soloists will be Miss Dora McMurtry, soprano, and Mr. Bruce Bradley, tenor, soloists of the Jarvis street Baptist church. The choir will render a number of beautiful anthems and hymns, and a short address will be given.

The excellent playing of the combined bands of the Q.O.R., Royal Grenadiers and 48th Highlanders at Massey Hall on Tuesday evening last was much enjoyed by the audience present. Military band music has made most commendable progress in this city of late years and the three organizations mentioned are a credit to Toronto. Miss Eileen Millett's solos were a feature of the concert, her artistic singing reflecting greatest credit upon herself and her instructor, Mr. Torrington.

Miss Ella J. Martin, organ pupil of Mr. F. H. Torrington, and silver medalist of the Toronto College of Music, has been recently appointed organist of the Congregational church in Guelph.

Miss Mae E. Dickenson has accepted the position of soprano soloist in Parkdale Presbyterian church. MODERATO.

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Miss Yda Milligan is spending the winter at Hespeler.

Miss Macdonald of Charles street has returned from a trip to Halifax accompanied by her father, Mr. J. K. Macdonald.

Each banquet we have in Toronto seems to be more successful than its predecessor. The one given in honor of Mr. Hardy on Tuesday evening brought a large number of society ladies to the gallery, many of them to hear their lords make speech on matters political. Mrs. Hardy, the stately wife of the guest of honor, wore a gown of a delicate shade of fawn; her ornaments were diamonds. After Mr. Hardy's speech several gentlemen joined the ladies in the galleries, which were very gay-looking indeed.

Among those who have been enjoying the mineral waters at Hotel Del Monte, Preston Springs, during November are: Mr. Perceval F. Ridout, Mrs. J. D. Ridout, Mr. and Mrs. H. D. P. Armstrong, Mrs. Alfred Hoskin, Mr. A. E. Hoskin, Dr. Wishart, Mr. Laidlaw, Mr. Pringle, Mr. and Mrs. McIntosh, Miss Durand, Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. Frank L. Webb of Colborne; Miss Cameron, Miss Russell of Grafton; Mrs. A. A. Campbell of Belleville; Mrs. and Miss McGivern of Hamilton.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Hall have returned from their honeymoon, and Mrs. Hall (nee Webb of Waterloo) will hold her post-nuptial receptions at 28 Admiral road on Tuesday and Wednesday afternoons, November 22 and 23.

The Literary and Theological Society of Knox College will hold their annual At Home on Friday, December 16.

The twenty-fifth anniversary of the wedding of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. P. Good, and the fiftieth birthday of Mr. Good, occurs on Tuesday next, November 22. Mrs. Good, assisted by Miss Good and Mrs. Charles H. Good, will receive at 11 Ann street during the afternoon.

Mrs. A. Moir Dow of St. Patrick street sailed from England per Cunarder Lucania last Saturday after an absence of three months in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Mercer J. Adams are again settled in their home, 39 Grosvenor street, where Mrs. Adams will be at Home first and second Tuesdays of the month.

The Y.W.C.G. will hold a social evening on Tuesday, November 22, at the Guild parlors, McGill street.

Prof. Chant lectured last evening at St. Margaret's College on Complementary Colors.

The annual commencement of Harbord street Collegiate Institute took place on Thursday afternoon.

Dr. and Mrs. Robert Dwyer are settled in their home, 12 Carlton street. Miss Lumaghi of St. Louis is visiting her sister, and expects to remain for the winter. Mrs. Dwyer will receive on Mondays, excepting the first Monday in each month.

Mrs. James G. Merrick has returned to Toronto after having spent an enjoyable five months in a bicycle tour of England, France, Germany and Holland.

The combined staffs of the Western and British American Assurance Companies held a very enjoyable concert in St. George's Hall on Thursday evening.

The Pastime Cycling Club intend this winter to continue the series of monthly At Homes, which have proved so popular for the past two seasons. On November 10 the second At Home of the present series was held in the L.O.O.F. parlors, College and Yonge streets. In spite of the unexpected fall of "the beautiful," about ninety young people gathered and passed an evening of thorough enjoyment. A bright programme had been arranged, and songs and readings were rendered at intervals between the dances throughout the evening.

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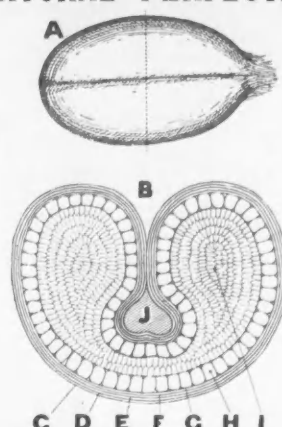
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